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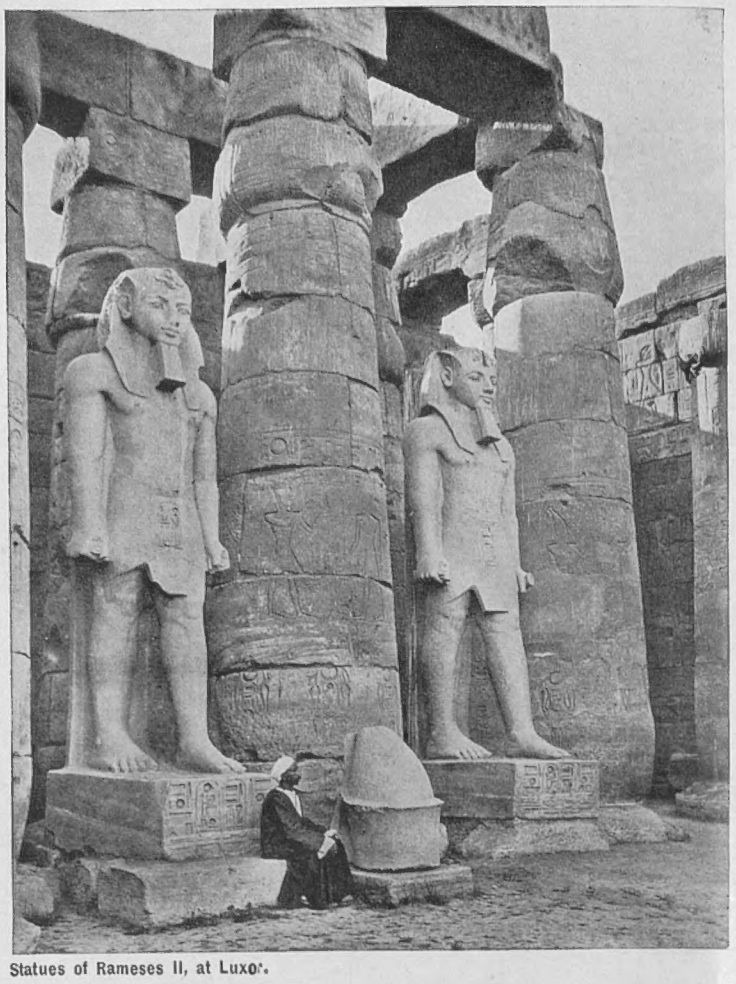

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CARNIVAL in VENICE

The Royal Regatta and the Annual Gondola Parade

The city most famous for its picturesque festivals revived all its ancient glories when Venice held the Royal Regatta a few days ago. Thousands of people thronged the Grand Canal on which a procession of hundreds of gaily-decorated gondolas made its kaleidoscopic way. The heyday of the Serene Republic, when visited by such figures as Casanova and Byron seemed to have come again. This picture shows the scene facing the Rialto, ever a busy but, on festal occasions, an incredibly exhilarating thoroughfare

SPECIAL FEATURES IN THIS ISSUE

	Page
The Arrival of Gandhi	407
The Mystery of France	411
The King of Wigs	412
Kangchenjunga	413
The Sense of Denmark	414
The Baduis of Java	416-7
Facets of Canada	420
Astronomy	422-3
Hungary's Wine Harvest	424-5
Partridge Finance	432
A Paradise for the Young	434
Rome at its Best	438

A London Newsletter

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, September 16, 1931

Light on the Political Mystery.—The opening proceedings of Parliament on Tuesday on the so-called Vote of Confidence threw a good deal of light on the dark days of the crisis and revealed an available majority for sane statesmanship in the House larger than was estimated—all but sixty. Considering how well kept were the Budget secrets right up to the hour of Mr. Snowden's speech on Thursday, it is remarkable how accurate an appreciation the public had of the salient points which brought about the fall of the Government. The light shed by Mr. MacDonald on Tuesday was familiar light. Nothing came out that did not enhance the reputation of Mr. MacDonald, redound to the credit of Mr. Baldwin and the Conservative party, and underline the parochialism of Mr. Henderson's and his party's attitude in the hour of fate. The befogged journalist, seeking to read the riddle, stumbled on the truth, and found his words and prophecies justified. At long last, we have a Government putting country before party; we have the vital gesture, so assiduously preached, of sacrifice from the top; we have an organized campaign against dictation by the T.U.C., and a sincere attempt initiated to regain courage in government and thereby to rescue the reputation of Parliament. And finally we have convincing proof that infinite patience will be required to overcome the efforts of the mouthpieces of the Trades Unions and of Labour to turn the Nation's crisis into an occasion for waging class warfare.

The Budget—from a Grouse Butt.—The M.P.s had gone South several days ago; the big business men were drifting down to London one by one, grumbling at leaving many hundreds of grouse still unshot, and the fine September weather digging itself in. And so, a party of substitutes, we sat outside our butts waiting for trouble—for the grouse to come over, and for the "Weather and News" after dinner. And at last we got both, and can chalk up results and figures in our game books and ledgers. Mr. Snowden has rent his closely-woven curtain. He dropped his bomb into the big dug-out and registered a hit on every man-jack, from the general to the general's batman. The most awful Budget speech in history has been made. We awake to find ourselves in a new world of values, with old traditions and encumbrances hanging like a millstone round our necks. Our premiers and judges once had the spending of nearly £5,000 a year. They must now keep up appearances on something under £2,000. The married man earning £300 last week contributed £2 10s. in income tax. To-day his contribution is increased by 450 per cent. The married man with an earned income of £500 will have to find another £21 a year in income tax. The income and super-tax additions imply for the land-owner who employs labour on a large scale in his woods and gardens the dismissal of half-a-dozen men. The domestic servant who survives in her employment is not entirely sheltered. She must pay more for her insurance, more for her journeys, more for her amusements. As for industries, whatever small reliefs may ultimately be found in the way of protecting reserves, it cannot fail to shoulder another awful addition to its groaning burden, with the inevitable increase in unemployment.

The Object Lesson Disregarded.—Such are some of the sacrifices which an estimated deficit of £170,000,000 in next year's Budget has brought on the heads of the already overtaxed. And for a year and more we have watched in Australia the inevitable collapse of national credit under a Socialist Government, intent on the single aim of pillaging a nation for the benefit of its own class, of killing the goose for the sake of one glorious orgy of eggs. With its eyes unavoidably fixed on Australia, the Labour Government went recklessly on its way, blind to the day of reckoning. Small wonder if to-day the sacrifices demanded of the workers and the unemployed appear generally less unjust and less harsh than they did a few weeks ago. Small wonder if Mr. Henderson and his seceders sat blushing and embarrassed under Mr. Snowden's passionate but coldly relentless logic. Here then we are, awake at last in a new world. In the upper classes at least the standard of living has come down with a vengeance, and in consequence the sins of squandermaniac Socialists must fall on the heads of the working classes. The judge is no longer a man who employs a butler and a chauffeur. The landowner must cut luxury work in the garden and draining and forestry schemes on the estate; two men must go here and two or three there. The £500 a year man must sell his car; the employer of five servants must make do with three. These are the first fruits of socialistic statesmanship. Truly the crisis is not over when you have balanced two Budgets. The golden goose has suffered too much, is almost beyond repair. There is not much hope of any more egg laying records. The Socialists after all have brought off their party coup. They have left the Opposition to clear up the mess.

The Other Side. — It is my firm belief that the National Government is going to pull us through the first stage of our crisis, and that a sounder, sorrier, and smaller Labour party, purged of hot-head and hasty councils, will ultimately emerge when this country is on its legs again. Then, once more, when the parties range themselves again, we shall doubtless have Conservatives, Liberals, and Labour. But how changed will be the characters and labels of these parties!

THE ROUND TABLE CONFERENCE: The official picture of the Federal Structure Committee in St. James's Palace. Lord Sankey is seen in the chair with Mr. Gandhi on his left. On Mr. Gandhi's left is Pundit Malaviya who helped to state the case of the India Congress. On Lord Sankey's right are Lord Peel, Secretary of State for War, and Sir Samuel Hoare, Secretary of State for India

The game of party politics, carried to extremes as nowadays all games are, has had its awful lesson. The party leaders themselves have been forced by circumstances to learn the extent of public loathing of this luxury sport. The three main parties will hereafter conduct their campaigns with one eye at any rate on the country's well-being, and all will combine together against Communism, against inflation, against squandermania, against gambling with the country's credit for the sake of temporary peace in bad times. And a number of leading politicians of yesterday will not survive the present crisis. We may be sure of reformed parties under new leaders. And therefore it is interesting to consider—while refraining from counting our chickens before the hatch—which party will get the praise and blame for the achievements of the National Government. This Government is far larger than we hoped it would be. It has not been possible to leave many posts unfilled, and there are over fifty office holders. The Cabinet itself is small. It is composed of four Conservatives, four Labour men, and two Liberals — the mathematical and just proportions. Unfortunately at this point the Labour spring ran dry, and of the nine ministers outside the Cabinet only one is Labour, while four each come from the two remaining parties.

"An Aristocratic Government."—Of the thirty-one junior appointments, the preponderance of Conservatives is even more marked, no fewer than twenty-two to six Liberals and three Labour. Thus the National Government is *three-fifths a Conservative Government*, while the remaining two-fifths is composed of Liberals and Socialists in the proportion of three to two. Add to this (a point negligible in the mind of sober men of the world but highly significant to tub thumpers and class-warriors) the fact that it is a Government of "aristocratic" names. A week ago I lightly labelled it the "Ministry of many Marquises," and I observe that the tag has been used elsewhere. Plain Misters are rare in the National Government; Marquises are common, Baronets hang on every branch, Lords and Knights are two a penny. It is nobody's fault—blame our system of sowing titles broadcast on the thirsty land—but it is unfortunate that the ignorant and underdog will always declare that the National Government was essentially an "aristocratic" Government.

An Invidious Responsibility.—Now from my slight recollection of English history, I derive the opinion that the great achievements of our race have been sowed and reaped in the main under aristocratic government. But democracy advanced slowly and has come to stay; and aristocracy is a dangerous and envious word to-day that suggests insidious and retrograde movements. It is undesirable that this National Government should be vulgarly labelled either conservative or aristocratic. Whether it succeeds notably or only moderately, no party should be saddled with the responsibility of its results. That will be bad for the country and for the parties. For one thing it will make it harder for sane and moderate Socialists who courageously supported Mr. MacDonald to return to their party which will vitally need their moderate counsels, when the real "permanent" crisis comes to be faced. For another, it will foster and feed the flame of class jealousy which is a root cause of our present discontents. That is why I wish the parties in this Government were more equally proportioned and carried a less heavy top-hamper of titles and handles.

Which Crisis?—For the crisis is not one but two. It may be that the announced economies, based on the lines of the May report, and the grievous additional burdens of taxation which we are now assimilating as cheerfully as we can in the belief that real efforts have been made to spread them over all classes in the community, will indeed balance one particular budget and tide us over one desperate year of madness. But will they give us back our markets, our trade? Knock our unemployment figures back to the two million mark? Restore the lost confidence in British stability and credit, for more than a matter of months or the duration of a short loan? No, the problem will remain for years to come a critical problem. There will be need all those years for a strong Government, a National Government, whatever its party label. And because I believe that the largest group of experienced statesmen, possessed of courage and vision, is still among the Conservatives, I am apprehensive of time at this juncture. An appeal to the Country in a month or two is for many reasons undesirable. There are now no cut-and-dried party policies. They died in the crisis. Had the crisis been averted, and a general election come on, the Conseratives must have romped in, not on a policy, but by the force of that reaction against the failure of the late Government, which alone has decided every post-war general election. And now time is already beginning to modify that reaction. Warmly as they were received when Parliament met, the Conservatives, taking the bulk of the responsibility, must become the prime objects of the bitterness of the victims (once the patriotic flame dies down). Already I think the hill top of Protection is hid again in the mist. The future grows less clear.

Fit for Slavery?—Are we only fit to imitate, to import, to borrow? Is the National character then so decadent, the race so diffident or half-hearted? All this hideous, miserable summer I have been collecting evidence—glorious evidence—to prove that the spirit of the race is still admirable and that whenever we have men to govern us, they soon see the value of trusting us and showing that faith in the people which is the secret of leadership. Everything has been against us for far too long. We have endured the bludgeoning of chance, of circumstance, of nature for an unusually long spell and in every walk of life you see men patient, resigned, smiling, determined to make the best of things, and to carry on. I have talked with farmers and riverside boatmen, with seaside caterers for holiday-makers, with gardeners and cricketers, who have all watched the blighting of their hopes. I talked with a clerk in my bank who told me that so far he had been unlucky in his week-ends and had not had a single available day this year when it was worth while to go out into the country. Yet he was shovelling silver as cheerfully as ever. I have given lifts to unemployed men hopefully wandering in search of work whose only expressed grievance has been against the State subsidy of shirkers and highly paid short time workers. And I have observed the taxpayer, big and small, faced with the certainty of further crippling burdens, shouldering more than his just proportion with no thought of despair, with far more humour than bitterness, holding his failing business together, keeping on his clerks and typists at a ruinous sacrifice, hoping on and slogging on. We ought all to be bursting with a National pride which should raise a mountainous barrier against foreign imports of any kind.

Foreign Dictation.—It is high time that we began to recover a little of our lost self-confidence and native pride. For years we have allowed foreigners to dictate to us our tastes and our fashions. Golf and football were about the last two things to be borrowed from us. English Society was, a generation ago, universally admired, with our system of justice, as one of those impregnably incorruptible institutions with which no other country could compete. And thirty years ago English Society surrendered unconditionally to America and has slavishly co-operated in its own destruction ever since. American films have destroyed a quite decent national taste. When America was wearying of jazz, it was at fever heat over here; when America had overdone cocktails, cocktail parties are the rage here. When Americans grew bored with miniature golf, these filthy little bumble puppies sprang up like mushrooms over England. And miniature trout streams will be here in '32. Hang it, we can't even walk across our downs without borrowing the idea, with German words, from Germany.

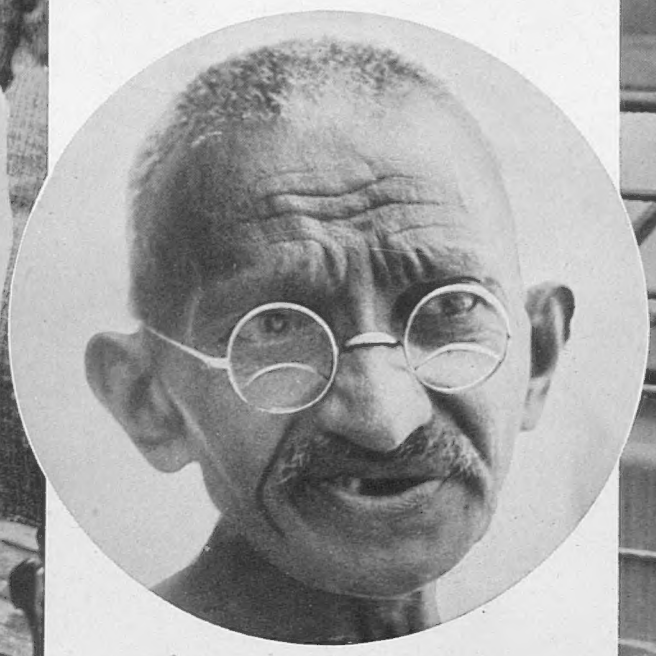
Lost Jewels.—A gleam of romance filters through the drab curtain of doubts, economy, and taxation—a tale of lost jewels found a whiff of Rider Haggard, a hint of Stevenson, and just a suggestion of Sherlock Holmes. There are two such tales, two lost treasures found. The Dublin Crown jewels are anonymously "advertized" as returnable at a price. The price is £50,000 and presumably no questions asked. And on the very same day was announced the discovery of the Queen of Sheba's treasure hoard, with all the concomitants of an Arabian tale, not 300 miles from Addis Ababa. The conditions attaching to ownership of the Queen of Sheba's hoard are not yet known to the finder.

THE OLD STAGER.

LIGHT RELIEF
during the
FINANCIAL CRISIS

Mr. Gandhi and Miss Slade, Appropriately Clad, Arrive in London to Cheer our Falling Spirits

THE ACOLYTE: Miss Madeline Slade, re-named Mira Bey, the daughter of an English Admiral, who is one of the most slavish of Gandhi-worshippers and his inseparable companion, walks from the boat at Folkestone followed by one of the Indian *entourage*

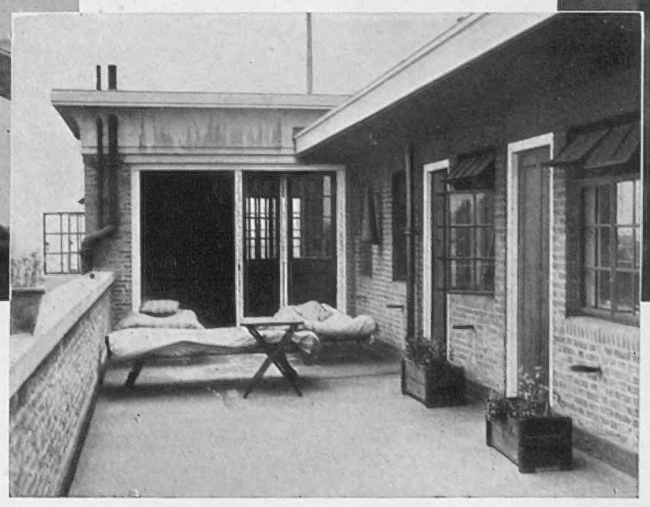


THE SELF-STYLED SPOKESMAN OF 380,000,000: Mahatma Gandhi, who wages a passive fight for an India free when it knows not how to rule; a strong India whose only strength is Britain

ARRIVAL: Mr. Gandhi and his *fidus Achates*, Miss Slade, on their landing at Marseilles. It is by no means only in Britain and India that interest is focussed on the leader of those oft-quoted "voiceless millions." *Below:* THE OPEN-AIR BEDROOM IN LONDON: The loggia in Kingsley Hall Settlement in the East End, on which Mr. Gandhi sleeps during his London visit

EXERCISE AT SEA: The Mahatma wore the loin-cloth of *khadda* and the sandals over which so much controversy has raged. He is seen going out for a constitutional on the liner *Rajputana*, an object of interest, of veneration, or of detestation to the rest

MR. GANDHI LANDS IN EUROPE: With that abnegation that is part of his appeal and part of his religion, the Indian delegate to the Round Table Conference is not deterred from retaining his native garb by the most inclement weather Europe has known in September for many years. He is seen above coming ashore at Marseilles



THE SECRETARY: Miss Slade—Mira Bey—superintends the baggage of the Mahatma at Boulogne. She acts as his secretary, and is one of the small band of English folk who have counted their nationality as nought, beside the ideal of a nominally free India—which, in fact, would be the joint prey of militant Islam and a rapacious Communism

The PASSING PAGEANT *of the* PRESENT DAY

A BIG GAME FISHERMAN OFF THE YORKSHIRE COAST: One of the finest game fishes in the world is the tunny fish, and this season several notable experts of the rod have gone out off Scarborough to try their luck. They are rowed in the vicinity of the trawlers—most of them from Grimsby and Whitby—for tunny follow the fishing boats to rob the nets of their prey. Excellent sport has been enjoyed

A ROMAN CITY BROUGHT TO LIGHT: Some of the male students are seen here, some of the female above on the right, who are pursuing their archæological studies at Verulamium—the Latin settlement hard-by St. Albans —under the direction of Mrs. Wheeler, the wife of the Keeper of the London Museum. The plan of the ancient Roman town is seen slowly emerging in trenches from the surrounding country

THE FUTURE PLAYS THE INSTRUMENTS OF THE PAST: The village children of Edgeworth, near Stroud, Gloucestershire, have been organized, under the direction of Miss Margaret James of Edgeworth Rectory, to make ancient musical instruments — harps, pipes, viols, etc. With these they give recitals and songs that recall the days when England was "Merrie England" and the instruments now reconstructed were in common use. The children are seen here indulging in an impromptu concert under the direction of an embryonic Sir Henry Wood. The strange forms of the instruments strike an alien—but yet a melodic—note

STUDENTS UNEARTH THE GRANDEUR THAT WAS ROME: Under the direction of Mrs. Wheeler, the wife of the Keeper of the London Museum, students from all parts of the country are busily engaged in excavating Verulamium, near St. Albans, where ruins of one of the ancient Roman settlements are gradually being brought to light. Verulam—an Elizabethan contraction of Verulamium—it will be recalled, was the title of the barony given to Francis Bacon before his final step in the peerage—Viscount St. Albans

"TO RETURN TO OUR MUTTONS"! A moment during the great sheep fair at Findon, Sussex, at which 11,000 ewes, rams, and lambs, which have been grazing during the summer on the South Downs, were sold to buyers for grazing on the lowlands. Mr. Burt is seen above conducting the sale. It is in the north rather than in the south, however, that the great sheep sales are held. September is the month during which sheep farmers forgather to do their deals, and on the strength of their sales they estimate their profit or loss for the year. The stupendous increase of pasture over arable caused Sir Thomas More in the reign of Henry VIII to look over the countryside and remark: "Sheep are eating men"

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PAUPER *or* PLUTOCRAT?

The Mystery of France—The Land which, Bled White by the War and the Greatest Victim of Armageddon, yet has in its Vaults £470,000,000—a Colossal Sum which Amounts to One Quarter of the Available Gold Supply of the Entire World

By A BANKER

The Bank of France has now in its vaults no less than £470,000,000 in gold. This represents nearly one quarter of the whole gold reserves of the world. This accumulation of gold by the Bank of France has been one of the most striking features in our post-war financial history.

In 1913 the French gold holding was about £140,000,000; in December, 1928, it was nearly £280,000,000; and at the end of 1929 it had risen to £340,000,000.

At the beginning of 1931 the figure was about £430,000,000. During this year the accumulation has continued. In July, when London was bearing the brunt of the world's financial storm consequent upon the crises in Germany and Austria, the Bank of England lost over £30,000,000 in gold in a fortnight, and the great bulk of this went to swell the stocks in the vaults of Paris.

Many people wonder why France is in a position to draw to herself such a vast stock of bullion. Since the War it has been customary to think of her as "poor France," a country to be helped and pitied. More than any other of the belligerents she had suffered at the hands of the invader, and some of her richest provinces had been devastated. Yet Europe helped her! At the innumerable post-War international conferences, the voice of poor France was ever heard asking for protection, for safeguards, and for security. Let the weak be supported! The various plans for reparation payments gave to France a generous share in recognition of her special claims which, as recently as 1929, when the Young Plan introduced the scheme for dividing reparation payments into postponable and non-postponable portions, it was arranged that of the non-postponable annuities the lion's share was to go to France.

For years after defeated Germany had stabilized her currency, the French franc continued to depreciate. In the summer of 1926 its value reached the low level of one penny, but it subsequently recovered and was stabilized at about 124 to the £ which gives it a value of about 2d. instead of its pre-War 9½d. This devaluation of the franc was more severe than that of the lira of poverty-stricken Italy, which is now stabilized at 92⅓ to the £. The man in the street, when thinking of France's wealth, invariably recalls the proverbial French peasant who thriftily scrapes together his few sous to hide away in his stocking.

The general impression of France, therefore, is that of a nation honest but poor. For many years after the War she seemed unable to balance her budget, while the terms of her debt settlement with England were so favourable to her as to be equivalent to a remission of debt amounting to hundreds of millions of pounds sterling.

How, then, can such a country now appear so powerful financially?

The truth is, of course, that France is not a poor country at all. On the contrary, she is very rich. Her post-war history is full of interest, and many of her economic achievements are unique. Her swift recovery from the effects of the War has been almost miraculous, and her position to-day is one of strength and security.

The great depreciation in her currency which continued for many years after the Armistice was not due to any economic weakness, but it was entirely the result of the unwise financial policy that she had pursued since the early days of the War. No new taxes, for instance, were imposed until two years after the commencement of hostilities, and not many then.

The War was financed chiefly by borrowing. The principal internal lender was the Bank of France, and, when a central bank makes large and increasing loans to the Government of a State, these loans usually take the form of mere book-keeping entries. The money is there—but it is only on paper. The State draws cheques on balances which ought not really to exist, and the country becomes flooded with artificially created money.

There can be only one result; the money depreciates in value. This happened in France, and inflation, which was well advanced at the end of the War, proceeded unchecked in the years that followed. From 1919 onwards France was faced with enormous expenditure in connection with her devastated regions. This involved the restoration of over 35,000 miles of roads, 1,000 miles of canals, 6,123 bridges, and over 3,000 miles of railway line. Nearly a million buildings had to be rebuilt, including 10,000 factories. The task was stupendous and the expenditure enormous. In this connection France lodged a claim with the Reparation Commission in 1921 for the sum of 129,500,000,000 francs.

But France made no attempt to meet this expenditure out of revenue. The cry of "make Germany pay" was even more insistent on the other side of the Channel than in England, and the mere thought that any part of the restoration cost should be borne by the taxpayer would have been regarded as unpatriotic. Such a suggestion would have implied a doubt of Germany's capacity to pay. All this capital expenditure was therefore charged to a special budget called "Expenses recoverable under the Peace Treaty," and the necessary funds were raised by fresh borrowing.

Inflation continued and the franc depreciated more and more. In 1926, however, largely due to the statesmanship and leadership of M. Poincaré, the finances were put in order. The Frenchman has a traditional objection to paying taxes, particularly direct ones. Did not one eminent French statesman refer to income-tax that only "mugs" paid. In 1926, however, rigorous taxation was not only levied but enforced and collected. The Budget was made to balance and the franc, after wild fluctuations, became stabilized. After remaining stable for two years the value of the franc was legally fixed at its present level of 124 to the pound in 1928.

That event occurred ten years after the armistice, and during that decade France had been re-organized and re-equipped. The depreciation of the franc had had the effect of reducing the real value of wages, and therefore labour costs in France were relatively low.

The competitive power of France among nations was strengthened. France of 1928 was vastly different from the pre-War France. The reconstruction had resulted in the re-equipment of her coal mines and ore mines on the most modern lines, in addition to the bulk of undertakings in the linen, woollen, cotton, and other industries. The restoration of Alsace-Lorraine doubled the French iron-ore capacity and provided potash mines with a capacity of 2¼ million tons of crude potash annually. Alsace also greatly increased the strength of the French textile industry. A few figures will prove how greatly France has benefited industrially. Her production of pig iron, which in 1913 averaged 427,000 tons a month, averaged 856,000 tons a month in 1929, and even in 1931 the figure is over 700,000. In England the average monthly output has fallen from 855,500 tons in 1913 to 330,000 tons in 1931. Similarly France's output of steel has doubled since 1913, while that of England has shrunk by one-third.

France therefore found herself in a very strong industrial position. Her exports increased and aided largely by such "invisible exports" as receipts from a greatly enlarged tourist traffic, earnings from shipping and similar activities, together with large receipts from reparations, her trade balance became increasingly favourable.

The balance of payments was in favour of France; the nations of the world had to pay her money. How could they pay? England, too, in past years has enjoyed a favourable trade balance but her claims to payment from abroad have been set off by floating large foreign loans, which merely meant that money, instead of being remitted to London, remained abroad and earned interest. Since the War, however, France has not embarked on much foreign lending.

The result has been the sensational and continuous flow of gold from all parts of the world to Paris. In other words, her debtors, being unable to pay in goods or to allow the debts to remain outstanding as a permanent loan, have been obliged to pay in hard cash, that is, in gold. The inflow of funds and, consequently, of gold to Paris has been intensified by the fact that, during the period of the franc's fluctuations, French business men allowed sums due from foreign customers to accumulate abroad in a stable currency. In that way very large French balances were built up in various financial centres. The repatriation of these funds has increased the gold movements.

In no sphere is a forecast more hazardous than in international finance, but it would appear possible that the flow of gold to France is nearing its end. The trade returns for 1931 have been unfavourable and show a continual decline in exports. Added to this, it seems that France is changing her attitude towards foreign lending, and it is said that in the near future she is to extend loans to more than one country in Europe.

Such a development would, of course, alter the whole balance of payments due to France, and we might then even see a flow of gold from France to other financial centres.

THE MIDINETTES' RACE: Organized by the Borough of Montmartre, this amusing event was held a few days ago. The millinery girls of the great fashion-capital raced through the picturesque streets of the hilly quarter to the delight of spectators

THE PERIPATETIC AVIARY: The cart used to transport carrier pigeons during the manœuvres of the French Army. These evolutions were performed in the Aisne sector, near Rheims

LONG LIVE *the* KING —*of* WIGS!

Portrait of "Willy," the Ineffable Clarkson, Who Draws Near His Diamond Jubilee

By W. HOLT-WHITE

THE KING OF WIGS: Mr. "Willy" Clarkson, the great *perruquier*, who may retire or may find the call of his art too strong to leave it after nearly sixty years of triumphant activity

"*Wigs by Clarkson!*"

There is not a statistician to be found who could compute even vaguely the millions of times that legend has appeared on the playbills and programmes of theatres round the world. For the house of Clarkson has flourished for just on a hundred years, and a prolific production of wigs has, in the main, been its passion and its pride.

"*Wigs by Clarkson!*"

That slogan has been translated into more tongues than ever confused the workmen on the Tower of Babel. It is known to playgoers, professionals, and amateur actors from St. Petersburg—as it was—to Paris and from London to Los Angeles. "Wigs by Clarkson" is not only a *cliché*—it is a *cachet*.

"*Wigs by Clarkson!*"

For just on a century, wigs by Clarkson have crowned the heads of monarchs on occasions of pageantry; they have enhanced the beauty of the loveliest operatic stars; they have completed the make-up of the greatest of tragedians; they have made the funniest of comedians funnier still; they have been the salvation of myriads of amateurs.

And now?

Well, the slogan of "Wigs by Clarkson" will continue to sound its clarion round the earth, but the Head of the House, the "Guv'nor," the immortal Willy, the King of Wigmakers, is laying aside the crown on the eve of his Diamond Jubilee.

"After all," he says, "I'm seventy and I've been in the business for almost sixty years." Yet his abdication is not wholly willing. He finds it hard to be parted from his wigs. For if he is parted from them he is parted from sixty years of dramatic history.

So he hesitates. He wants to dispose of the business of his life and yet to remain associated with it. He has advertised it for auction and at the last moment postponed the sale. It is to be hoped that he may postpone it indefinitely, for Willy can't be spared. He is one of the last of the gallant but small and rapidly diminishing band of great Victorians still left to us.

Let us have what the film people call a "close-up" of him in his office in Wardour Street.

If you walked into that towering building between the stuffed stork and the stuffed dogs which guard the door, you would fail to see him. But his sweeping gaze would not fail to see you. And if you were a customer and not merely a friend, the pressing of a button would bring you instant attention. He's out for business is Willy.

On all sides is the queerest jumble—pantomime heads, gigantic figures of carnival, swords, guns, and pistols of every period, the breastplates of Roman centurions, the helmets of Wellingtonian dragoons, old Japanese armour, roses for the lips of Carmens yet to be. A fascinating, a strangely inspiring, and yet satisfying jumble of the dress and accoutrements of every age and clime.

And behind a hidden desk lurks Willy, immense and blond, a sort of cross between a comfortable-looking Viking and a Gallic impresario.

It's hard to believe that he's seventy. His shoulders are square and massive. He has only to move for you to realize the muscular strength of his arms. The wide, mild blue eyes are a strange contrast to the hawk-like nose. But it is his hair and his beard which make you think—almost blink. Seventy! Here is a blond giant with fair, curly hair with never a streak of grey, and a forked yellow beard without one single silver thread among the gold. Is it a puckish irony of fate or an amusing phase of poetic justice that at three score years and ten the world's champion wigmaker does not even need a toupée?

Just on sixty years ago this massive individual was a slim schoolboy in France. A dangerous illness of his father's brought him to London. Clarkson *père*, wigmaker, had then already been established in Wellington Street for forty years.

Willy was twelve years old when he rushed to his father's rescue and took over the business, lock, stock, and barrel. But then, Willy, in spite of his extreme youth, combined precocity with a business sense. He realized that he was over young to be attending to such great stars as Adelina Patti and Albani. He was afraid he might seem too young to invite confidence. So as he already had some tufts of down upon his juvenile chin, he employed his hereditary art to add more. Thus at the tender age of twelve he proceeded on his way to effect the make-up of great artists, armed with quite an imposing beard.

"And what," I asked him once, "did they think of you?"

"Ah!" He spread his hands and threw up his eyes. "It was not long before they were all raving about 'Master Willy.'"

It is not that Willy lacks true modesty; it is merely that he is insouciantly conscious of his own power.

And by his wigs and his works and his wisdom and his wit he has been endearing himself to the theatrical profession ever since. There can be no one in the world who owns such a mass of testimonials of affection.

All up the staircases, on the walls of all the rooms in which men and women are sorting costumes or making wigs, in the fitting-rooms, on the landings, and, above all, in the two crowded rooms which serve him as a flat at the top of the building, are hundreds of portraits and photographs presented by enraptured clients. There's old Phelps, the voluminous Mrs. Billington, Henry Irving, Ellen Terry, Charles Wyndham, George Alexander, Lewis Waller, Tree, great actors and actresses of the past too numerous to mention. It is an amazing collection, and one of such interest and value that it should not ultimately be dispersed or lost.

And in this crowded gallery one figure, that of Sarah Bernhardt, stands out more prominently than the rest. Hard by Willy's desk is the beautiful little piece of sculpture which she wrought with her own hands and presented to him when she laid the foundation stone of the present building. But it is not because of these things, nor even the multiplicity of her portraits, that lend her so much prominence. It is because of her telegrams.

The divine Sarah seems to have had as great a passion for despatching telegrams as Lord Northcliffe. Faded, but framed, these telegrams stud the walls. Here is a typical one. She wanted a certain kind of wig badly. She knew that only Willy could provide it. And so this is the subtle flattery with which she used the telegraph wire to inveigle it out of him:

Il faudrait longue perruque blonde, légère ondulée enfin une merveille telles que les fait Clarkson.

"Did she get it?" I asked him.

"Did she get it?" echoed Willy. He twisted his own whiskers—"*blonde, légère ondulée*," at the mere delicious recollection of the piece of perfection he had produced.

All over the place, too, are reminders of "Druriolanus," Sir Augustus Harris. Poor Jimmy Glover, in *His Book*, has many a rattling tale to tell of that great little man. Willy recounted to me the most uproarious that I have yet heard.

By preface, I would say that Clarkson knew Harris from his earliest days. When that cocksure, Cockney little Jew boy was playing a very minor part in the West End, he said to Clarkson, "Willy, I'm going to take over Drury Lane, and then you shall have all my work,"

"Come off your perch!" said Willy, or whatever was the equivalent of that sentiment those days. But Harris got Drury Lane and Willy got the work.

Then came the heyday of the Covent Garden balls. And here is the story. The floor was packed with dancers swaying to the lilt of the "Blue Danube," when the beloved figure of the Dictator of Drury Lane was observed in an upper box with two men in evening dress, and, much to the amusement of observers, "Druriolanus" seemed to have been dining with less discretion than was his temperate wont. Then three other figures in evening dress entered the box, and there began an altercation which almost immediately developed into a fight; and then the orchestra stopped with a crash and the dancers gave a great cry of horror as three of the men picked up the diminutive figure of "Druriolanus" and hurled him out of the box. The crowd parted and women screamed as his body came thudding to the floor. There were a few moments of anguished silence, in which it was thought that an inconcelvable tragedy had occurred, but a moment later a great yell of laughter went up to the distant roof as it was realized that a monstrous practical joke had been played upon them. The figure was a dummy—"dummy by Clarkson."

Then there is Royalty—"My Royals," as Willy calls them. And here, if the rest is not silence, it is almost so. Willy, when questioned on these matters, places a portentous forefinger to his pursed lips. Ah! what secrets could he not reveal. But, of course, he can't—and doesn't. Still, such reminiscences as he does vouchsafe are quite charming.

It comes almost as a shock to learn that he once "made up" the Prince Imperial. It is so long ago. But it is pleasant to recall that, when she learnt of it, the Empress Eugénie sent for him and that, as a result of that meeting, she remained Willy's friend until her death.

And he recalls the famous Devonshire Ball—the ball given by the late Duke and Duchess of Devonshire at Devonshire House—now the abode of Rootes—in honour of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee. It was a costume ball, and there he gave the finishing touches to King Edward and Queen Alexandra—then Prince and Princess of Wales—and to our present King and Queen, who were then Duke and Duchess of York.

But it is about the diminutive figure of Queen Victoria that he drapes memories which are obviously genuinely tender and concerned. As he speaks of her, the bulk of the man sways on his chair as though moved by some deep emotion. Naturally, I personally remember Queen Victoria very well. I was at her funeral as a journalist. But Clarkson talked to me about her like a man telling a story to a child.

"You see," he said, "though she had such a lovely family, she was so young when the Prince Consort died. And then it was all so different. She was always alone and apart and withdrawn. And always in black. I remember that when some of the Royal Family were children they gave some *tableaux vivants* at Osborne in which the Princes and Princesses took part. All the countryside was invited, and it was very gay, but Queen Victoria was still in black."

"Can you remember Princess Beatrice?" I asked.

"Can I remember her!" he echoed. "I should think I could. She was quite a little girl and I cut her hair. So pretty!"

And he preened his golden whiskers for a while in thought.

I would add that my latest visit to Willy took place on a cold and dreary Saturday this month. Outside the home of a million wigs, it was pouring with rain. An employee intervened to say "There's the one-fifty, sir, and the two-thirty."

"I shall take the one-fifty," said Clarkson with decision, and looked at me in a manner which implied that he did not intend to lose his train. "I am going to Hastings," he added. "Now that I'm seventy I must keep well. When I get there I shall change into a bathing costume and go for a swim. After that I shall go for a row."

I shuddered.

"You see," he added, "I have to keep myself well, and I have no one to help me do it except myself. I had a doctor till four years ago. But he let me down very badly."

"Oh," I said, "what did he do?"

Willy regarded me with profound solemnity. "He died," he said. "It was a dirty trick!"

So Willy, the wigmaker, jests with life and death at seventy.

Long live the King of Wigs.

KANGCHENJUNGA'S VICTORY Recorded and FILMED

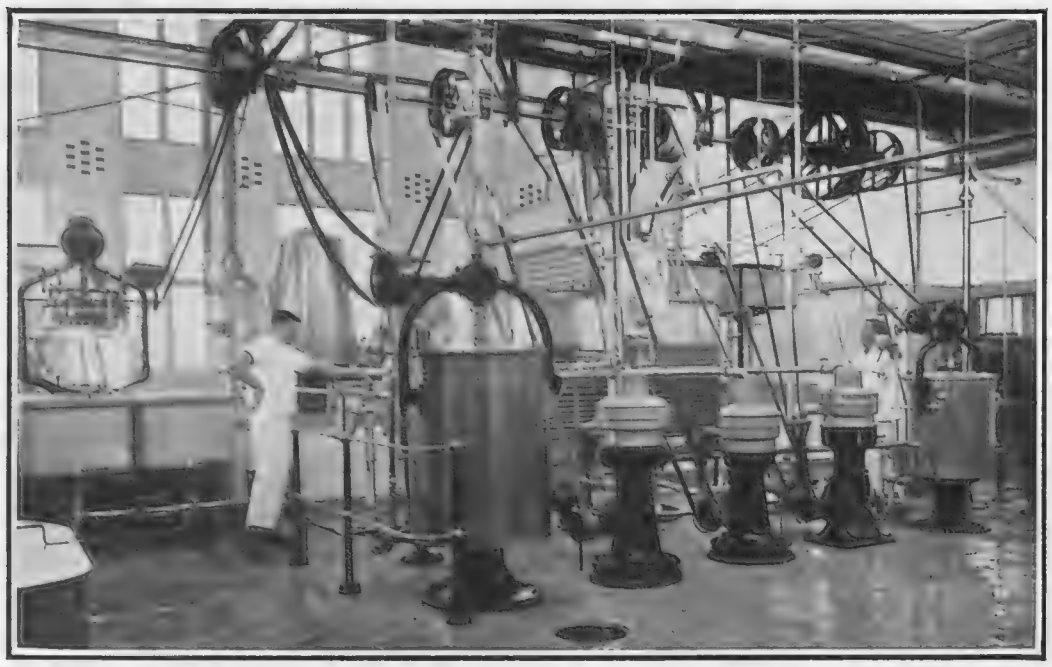
"EXCELSIOR": The north-eastern flank of the Jonsong Peak (24,472 ft.), one of the giants of the Himalayas, in the neighbourhood of Kangchenjunga. The Dyhrenfurth Expedition of 1930 just failed to reach the summit of the latter monster. The recent brilliantly successful Mount Kamel Expedition this year was led by Mr. Frank Smythe, a member of the earlier expedition

A HIMALAYAN HERMIT: A venerable figure encountered by the expedition

Many notables were invited to the première of "Excelsior," the film of the 1930 expedition to the Himalayas to climb Kangchenjunga, 28,500 ft. high. The film was shown privately at the Prince Edward Theatre. Ideal Films Ltd., who are sponsoring "Excelsior," state that the production is not a story constructed or reconstructed with the idea of providing sensation and thrill. Every foot of the film represents an actual scene, taken as it occurred. It is the stark reality of the pictured story of this attempt on the part of representatives of four nations—Germany, Austria, Switzerland, and Great Britain—to scale the exquisitely beautiful Kangchenjunga that renders it so superbly thrilling. Notable interest is provided by the inclusion of the doughty Frau Dyhrenfurth, wife of the leader and initiator of the expedition, Professor Dyhrenfurth. This lady's place in the expedition was that of "housewife" to the party, or officially "quartermaster-general in charge of the stores." Although the expedition was not destined to reach its original objective, some consolation for the perils and privations endured by the party was discovered in the scaling of the hitherto unexplored Jonsong Peak, 24,472 ft. high. Four cinema cameras and 60,000 ft. of standard size film were carried by the expedition, and fifty porters were employed in handling the cinematographic and photographic apparatus and material. Mr. Amery, ex-Secretary for the Dominions, is responsible for the running description of the picture

THE QUARTERMISTRESS: Frau Professor Dyhrenfurth

THE TOP OF THE WORLD: A Himalayan scene, fitly known as "The Throne of the Gods," looking towards Tibet



DENMARK'S MODEL DAIRY: A corner of one of the large halls in which centrifugal separators are installed in the famous Governmentally maintained standard and experimental dairy established at Hillerod. It is the acknowledged ideal of such institutions and is visited by dairymen from all nations

DENMARK has Solved Things.

By FERDINAND TUOHY

The other noon I mounted a white throne at a Copenhagen street corner and had my shoes done. Half-an-hour later I turned and found my neighbour in the fish restaurant on Gammelstrand was the shoeblack and that his menu was mine—lobster. We nodded and went on reading our papers. The *rencontre* is symbolical of Denmark; of the land that has solved things. A completely functioning democracy under a conservative monarchy; a happy, happy country where there is no breath of class warfare for the remarkably good reason that the proletariat has, by its standard of living and self-cultivation, become—bourgeois.

Oh, what a breath of air, what a relaxation it would be for them, if one could pile all the harassed politicians of Europe and their tired and *blasé* Press chroniclers on to the Esbjerg steamer and give them a week of Denmark! I am not going to say that they might graft the Danish solution on to their own national systems for they couldn't—one can do these things in a small country where practically everything is centred on one industry, while in a forty-million land of a hundred and one conflicting interests the thing is frankly impossible—but assuredly the mere inhaling of Danish tranquillity and good sense and sound living would have a curative effect on nerves and depression.

I took a liking to the Danes, a dozen years ago, when I lived two months in Copenhagen while North Schleswig was coming back to its lawful owner (incidentally, my flat bore a plaque saying Edmund Gosse had lived there), and see no reason to revise my then sentiments. The Danes are, of all European peoples I know, the most tolerant and easy-going, but what I particularly like about them, apart from their very genuine regard, almost affection, for ourselves—a degree of amity I remember only once equalled, by the pre-War Poles—is their resolute determination to go out after the good things of life and to the deuce with slaving to pile up the shekels!

You see in Denmark the antithesis of Detroit civilization. If you find anybody working in Copenhagen after magical 6 p.m. (save late staff), you are lucky; they all seem to fly away on bicycles then, or in cars, for the pleasure-seeking of the evening hours and far into each pale night. Jollity, health, mental well-being, a carefree taking of what one happens to like, are keynotes. Some might find the Danes do such things as eat too much, rely too persistently on what the precious would term the strictly material in life, but, bless me, it works, it works—behold a contented land, veritable oasis in 1931, if we except immediate northern neighbours.

Nor do the sustained delights of the table—one *smörbrodt* of fried eggs piled on red beef piled on buttered bread is enough for my lunch, but is just an *hors d'œuvre* — fog the popular intellect. Far from it; you will travel Europe and not find a people more "up" in the literature and thought of the day. I dined one evening on the *Oresund* with a girl secretary, who sketched vividly current German writing for me: the trend, import. That young lady, by the way, was about to go up to Sweden for what I gathered to be a nudist holiday, but for ladies only, and one alarming feature of which was to consist in rolling in dewy grass each morning prior to a breakfast bowl of *butter-milch* (oh, Fitness, what is committed in thy name . . . the golden grill of Juan-les-Pins, this shivering morning entry of *Froken!*). Perhaps it might soothe the sombre times to glance beneath Danish happiness at some of the foundations——

I mentioned good sense. You see it straightaway in connection with the world crisis. This has already hit the farmers who chiefly are Denmark economically, and whose non-spending is proportionately hitting the city, yet the bigger blow is undoubtedly due to come when, as is thought inevitable, other lands exchange grain growing for dairying and pig farming (Denmark's stand-byes) and when new foreign tariffs go up, especially about that British breakfast table upon which the Danes have so long depended for the major portion of their exports. What are the Danes doing about it—in advance? Showing good sense. They are holding off adding to small holdings or intensifying agriculture in any form until they know where they are. What a lesson for the machine-fiends whose only thought is to go on churning out mountains of undisposable everything! You see Danish *mésure* also in the way they are balancing two agricultural systems side by side until 1934 when the one that has worked best—State tenancy or freehold—will be adopted.

Everything seems to be done calmly—on its merits—in Denmark; without the injection of animosities or prejudices, political or social or other. Too often, elsewhere, good things are not done because of some such totally foreign and unconnected penetration. The Danes can't be bothered with politics. There are two parties. Socialist and Farmers, but it doesn't really seem to matter much which is in and which out; each bends its energies when "in" to the fulfilment of agriculture and the largely dependent industries and handicrafts. That's politics in lucky little Denmark. Yet here is a country where the co-operative and trade union movements—each borrowed direct from Britain—are right to the fore. How is quiet advance preserved? By good sense; a topical feature of which is the recognized practice of lowering wages in relation to the changing cost of living. This latter has soared since 1914, but so have wages. Yet if and when prices come down Danes stand by while wages go down proportionately.

Not in all countries can one give such a "close up" of the population as in Denmark. I, therefore, interpolate it:

Population, 3,500,000, of whom 750,000 are in Copenhagen.
In Agriculture, 1,050,000.
In Fisheries, 40,000.
In Handicraft and Industry, 1,000,000.
In Commerce and Finance, 330,000.
In Traffic and Commission, 220,000.
In Arts, Sciences, Administration, 180,000.

It emerges that an extraordinarily high percentage of the total population is in employment. Every reclaimable inch of the country's 15,000 sq. miles is under cultivation. This immense industry has been built up by imagination and resolution in the past sixty years, in an almost uniformly hostile soil of chalk and sand, and under severe weather conditions lasting three parts of the year. The wind ever blows in Denmark, mostly moans, and there's hardly a piece of protection in all the land; the highest point is scarce 500 ft. So it is not all luck.

A good deal, maybe, but these Danes—who are temperamentally and of the mind closely akin to ourselves—have the stuff of effort and adaptability in them. And all pull together for the common weal. The Co-operatives of the dairies, the slaughterers, the egg exporters—the big three—concentrate on their jobs and take no part in outside matters. As for the rural Conservative block (Farmers), it isn't their pidjin what happens in the city. If the urban Socialists are insisting on bigger and better blocks of model workmen's flats, well, let them get them. Conversely, as everything conceivable is done for the farmers by the big city, out of self-interest, the rural bloc just goes on with its own affairs.

There's not much difference numerically between the town and country parties which, moreover, are showing signs of fusion as the countryside is brought closer and closer to the towns by motor transport, broadcasting, the talkies. The franchise is interesting. Both sexes vote, but only at twenty-five years of age for the Lower House and at thirty-four for the Upper House. No flapper vote in this sensible land, or callow youth one. Not that youthful Denmark wouldn't be capable; it is just the juvenile Europe that would be, thanks to the far-famed Folk High School system. There are nearly one hundred of these institutions. Absurdly cheap, they take all over eighteen, the youths for five months in winter, the girls for four in summer. There is entire blending of social status, and the curriculum is eminently practical and comprehensive. "We help them to live" is the Folk School slogan. Down south Mussolini is trying something of like pattern with his *Dopolavoro* courses.

In this sane Denmark each way one turns is something stimulating. Take the offer to disarm completely, no matter what others do. Of course, these others can't follow suit so lightly. Still, the Danish gesture, which is being translated into action, is there, proffered to Geneva, and we should bear in mind that Denmark was slashed only a few years before France was, following Sedan. And that the Danes are vulnerable and human like the rest of us. Just now they want East Greenland, which the vehement Norse have laid hands upon. The Danes, however, are willing to carry on without army or navy, are ready to rely upon the sense of justice of their fellows. East Greenland goes before the World Court. And should the Danes lose, you may be sure they won't cast aspersions on the judges as others have been doing recently. Yet with all their ready internationalism of mind the Danes remain as staunchly individualist a people as are their Norse and Swedish neighbours. The trio hate being bundled together as "Scandinavians," and when you get mixed up with their languages, in train or steamer or restaurant, when you mistake a Norwegian for a Dane, or vice versa, you know all about it. It is *the* thing not to do in Scan—I mean in any one of these three well-blessed lands.

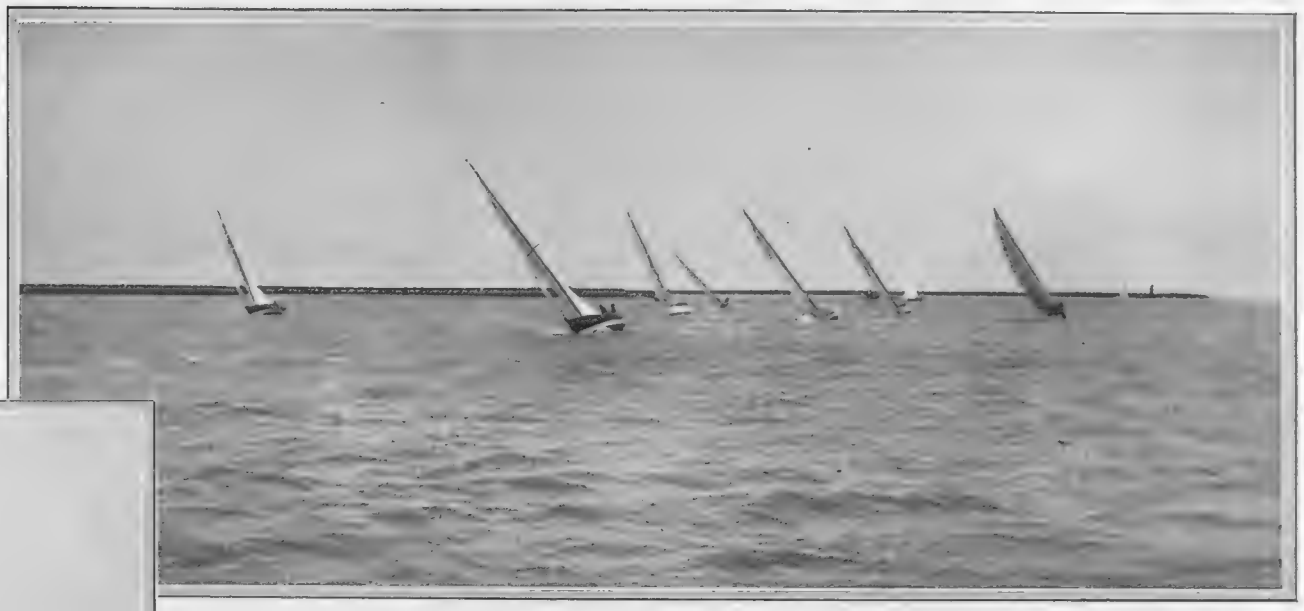
Another Danish attitude which pleases is that towards religion. In 1919 this was at a low ebb—I recollect advertisements for women pastors—but there seems to have been something of a revival since. Yet it is all entirely, as you might say, *private*, not thrust up into the national existence. The bulk of the country is Lutheran but in two camps—the Grundvigians (after the great bishop), and the extreme evangelical pietists or "Inner Mission." Rather surprisingly for this Lutheran land, Catholicism is steadily gaining in the towns. Soviet religio-rabies not at all. When the Danes don't want religion they are blithely—nothing.

Finally, the social services are well known. In this purest of democracies, where the process of levelling *up* has thrillingly succeeded, where murder is unknown, where beggars are as invisible as millionaires, where leisure is sought with gusto and unashamedly, where navvies have bathrooms and bookshelves, where you can sip *akvavit* in the stalls from a little lighted ledge before you, where Falstaffian *bonhomie* is king, where there are no such people as middlemen, where social freedom is bounded chiefly by one's thought for one's fellow, where emotional unions are not shrunk from as the leprosy, where fair-haired, muscled, wind and rain-tanned youth is especially glorious, where . . . but a truce. This is the happy land. Some Danes, melancholy like another, may smile . . . it is not all so Pollyanna and simple! Such Danes should look at other countries and then contemplate their own.

One hates to think that these people may not be so smiled upon and smiling in the future as they have been until now. I have indicated the shoals ahead. Pressingly is this: we buy over £50,000,000 worth of produce a year from them under Free Trade. Evidently we cannot go on doing so. We must raise taxes by safeguarding. The Danes are preparing for this. They now buy for only some £13,000,000 from us, whereas they take £32,000,000 worth of produce and goods from Germany. It is proposed to buy more and more British, to transfer the German purchase figure as far as possible to us in the hope that we may tax lightly. It doesn't do us any good to see Germany losing anything. But there we get into the wretched muddle again. And this article was meant as a momentary release.

YACHTING on ENGLISH WATERS

Burnham Week: Brixham Regatta: The Public School Race



BEATING BACK TO BURNHAM: A moment during the yachting on the Crouch. *On left* is Major K. C. McMullen's *Nan*, which has had a very successful week, having won the Class A event and also the handicap for over 15 tons. The usual course includes Foulness Island. The programmes have been curtailed, however, owing to indifferent weather conditions

HEELING TO THE WIND: Thrills during the yachting in Burnham week were experienced when smacks of wind sent the sails dipping to the water. *On left* is a glimpse of the Royal Corinthian Yacht Clubhouse, designed by Mr. Joseph Emberton; the *motif* of this cleverly planned new building is entirely marine

RED SAILS ON A BLUE SEA: A Brixham trawler in full racing trim at the regatta just held at Brixham. She is seen before rounding the mark buoy on the seventh and final lap of the race. The difference between this type of craft and the yachts shown above is very striking

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLBOYS' RACE: Great skill was shown in this annual event held off Hythe. Each yacht carries an experienced yachtsman, but he takes no part in the handling of the craft, which is left to the boys; the expert is there solely to take control in the event of emergency

A Jungle Race: The

A Primitive People of Dwarfs that Live a Clean and Isolated Life in the Jungles of Ultra-modern, Super-civilized, and Hyper-sophisticated Java

By R. V. C. BODLEY

(Who has personally, within the past few months, penetrated the frontier tracks of their tree-guarded land)

A HIDDEN VILLAGE OF THE BADUIS: A view of the jungle in which this remote and primitive race dwells. The presence of a village is indicated only by an alteration in the arboreal grouping

In the midst of dense forests which cover the hilly country in the south-west corner of Java there live an isolated people known as the Baduis whose territory has hardly ever been penetrated by Europeans and whose origins remain shrouded in the mists of fable. Here all suggestions of modern reforms are prohibited, no member of the tribe is allowed to migrate outside the forbidden area, taxes are never collected owing to the absence of a monetary system, and the people live on behind a barrier of impenetrable jungle under a civilized code of great antiquity. A statement such as the above made about Borneo or New Guinea would not sound exaggerated, but about Java—the most over-developed colony in the world, with its railways and aeroplane services, its asphalt roads linking up the remotest mountain estates, its large pleasure cities with their ultra-modern hotels and talkie theatres—the mere idea of a lost race seems incredible!

Nevertheless this statement is not exaggerated. The Baduis, in their dense jungles of South Bantam, have never given anyone an opportunity of remaining in their territory for more than a few days, and still less of studying their ancient and complicated customs. Owing to their elaborate system of "bujut" or taboo, which prohibits any form of modern innovations, it has been practically impossible to take any photographs of their villages or their monuments, while any discreet snapshots have rarely come out owing to the density of the forests which exclude the sunlight.

Doctor van Tricht, the eminent Dutch anthropologist who, with two other scientists, penetrated into the Badui country, told me that their expedition was a complete failure. The passive resistance they met with was invincible and, as research of this kind is impossible without co-operation, they had to abandon their efforts and return without much valuable data.

I have, myself, spent many weeks in the province of Bantam on the edge of the Badui country, but during the whole of the time I saw only one member of the tribe, and when I followed paths leading apparently into the middle of their unexplored homes it was only to see the track mysteriously disappear and to find virgin jungle barring my way.

Yet the Baduis are by no means savages and have an elaborate civilized code which has definitely been traced back to the beginning of the sixteenth century, but which is probably of much earlier origin.

As stated before it is almost impossible to get any information out of the people, but the few head tribesmen who have been persuaded to reply to questions speak of their country as a very ancient kingdom once inhabited by godlike beings, gifted with supernatural powers, who had come to earth to do penance. They date this period as shortly after the Creation.

Badui minstrel songs further tell of great kings and rich palaces which flourished until disturbed by the Hindus (the first Hindu invasion of Java began about A.D. 75) and later by the Muhammadans, whose early missionaries appeared in Java about 1478.

It is unfortunately impossible to collate these tales as in all the books written at various times about Java the Baduis are not mentioned, and it is not until 1820 when Raffles, in his famous historical work on the Dutch Indies, refers to this mysterious tribe which took refuge in the jungles of South Bantam to avoid the proselytizing influence of the Muhammadan in the fifteenth century.

One definite proof there is of the antiquity of the people, the *huma sèrang*, a rice field which is worked by communal labour, the rice cultivated being used for consumption only during sacred harvest festivals.

A QUESTION OF VACCINATION: A deputation of Baduis refuse to allow the authorities to inoculate them or bring medical modernities within their land

The *huma sèrang* is an ancient institution of the far-away Javanese kingdom centuries before the Muhammadans, but no longer practised anywhere except among the Baduis who carry out the rites, which are chiefly interesting because of their pure animist character, in the same way as did the earliest Javanese.

But where the Badui becomes really interesting to the anthropologist is in his physical dissimilarity to any other of the races in the Dutch East Indies. He is of much slighter build, almost a well-proportioned dwarf, his hair is crisp and curly, his skin is much darker, the features flatter, the mouth larger; the whole effect much more suggestive of a Central African than an Asiatic. This, with the fact that the few sacred megaliths which have been seen resemble similar stone monuments in the Pacific Islands and Madagascar, seems to confirm the often discussed connection between the races of Madagascar and the remotest islands of the Pacific, and it is most probable that if a careful examination of the Badui monuments and sanctuaries were possible a long chain of megalithic monuments could be established connecting Africa and Easter Island via the Dutch East Indies.

A BUDDHIST FIGURE IN A PRE-BUDDHIST SHRINE: This statue, noted for the *mudra*, or attitude of the hands, is of Buddhistic character, but it is set in a sanctuary dedicate to pre-Buddhist megalithic monuments

It is definitely known that the inhabitants of Java worshipped megalithic monuments before the Hindu occupation, but as the Hindu influence was chiefly concentrated in the eastern and central parts of the island the people of the west probably carried on their worship; and when, finally, the Muhammadans poured relentlessly into Java, the Baduis, protected by their jungle, were alone able to keep up the rites instituted by their fathers hundreds of years before Muhammad was born.

The dress of the Badui would suggest a rather poor type of Java peasant, the white headcloth, white coat, and plain blue sarong being much less elaborate than the *batik* clothes of the other races of the island, but beneath this poor outward appearance lies a century-old spirit which holds itself in strict isolation against civilization which advances relentlessly from all sides. However, the inaccessibility of their country, together with their proud sense of ancestry (the Baduis believe that they descend from "the Great Ones of the Past who belong to the Sky World"), will permit them to resist modernizing influences for a long time.

By religion they are ancestor worshippers, the *pu'un* or higher chief descending direct from the *Daleum Djanggala*, who is the eldest grandson of *Batara Tunggal*, the Upper Deity.

The *Daleums* are historic personalities of the agitated years when Islam was sweeping victoriously through Java driving the few unconvertible obstinates, such as the Baduis, into exile in the forests of Bantam. From them the Baduis are undoubtedly the direct descendants, and consequently from the most pious and noblest of the original inhabitants of the Sunda Islands, whose pride forbade them to obey the teachings of Muhammad. What is still more remarkable is to find these beliefs, which combine magic heathenism and childish animism with high, almost purely Christian morality, in a country inhabited by most unorthodox and very lax Muslims.

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Hidden

Baduis of Java

MEGALITHIC CULTURE: A typical example of Javanese pre-Hindu art which shows a kinship both with Madagascar and Easter Island. A similar example of a sanctuary is the Badui *Artja-Domas* and the *Kosala* still worshipped by the Karong Baduis who line to the last of the strictly isolated Baduis of Kanikes

The Baduis are not, however, conscious of the high level of their morality, and it is this lack of self-complacence which makes them all the more sympathetic. This morality, moreover, is not a mere consequence of the circumstances in which they have been living for centuries, for they possess ancient, unwritten laws with definite punishments for different sins, the most severe of which penalties is perpetual banishment from the community.

Their actual articles of faith are based on a belief that the world is ruled by deities, assisted by a certain number of ancestral spirits who have become gods; even the Upper Deity was once a human being about whose life there are innumerable legends. With the exception of these selected ones they do not believe in an independent existence of the human soul after death; the spirit travels to heaven, and then becomes reunited with the universal soul of *Batara Tunggal*, from whom life-sparks permanently emanate into the new-born humans. The Baduis do not believe in hell; from purgatory every soul proceeds direct to *Batara Tunggal*.

Another principle which makes those people unlike others and helps to knit them together is their genuine respect for their rulers. The first maxims of their laws are:

"Never fight against the Kings, never resist the nobility."

"The rulers never die out, knighthood never ceases to exist."

In fact the affairs of the land are entirely in the hands of an inner sacred circle consisting of a fixed number of forty families and known as the *Kadjeroan*. The origin of this traditional number is obscure, but it is very old. In case of there being a surplus in the inner circle one family is expelled, generally one of the older ones or else a widower, and becomes a member of the *Kaoem Daleums* or princely villages; should there be a case of shortage in the *Kadjeroan* someone from one of the *Kaoem Daleums* is called in.

The other villages of the territory are under the governorship of chiefs called *Djaro Dangkas*, whose most important duty is the controlling of the entry of strangers and, still more important, the exit of Baduis; they also have the supervision of sinners who have been temporarily banished from the clan, and in some cases those who have been perpetually exiled, but to whom it is forbidden to leave Badui territory.

It is an interesting study, this nobility of the past surrounded by the common people, who after centuries of living in forests have levelled the original differences to such an extent that a strange mixture of practical Communism and a strong spirit of caste distinction has evolved.

The keeping pure of the forty noble families of the *Kadjeroan* has naturally led to a great deal of in-breeding, with a consequent dwindling of the number of the elect—a situation which will go on getting worse owing to the people's exaggerated conservative mentality based on everything for the past, tenets of which are: no evolution of any kind desired; keep the old law; be moral and not promiscuous.

The most astonishing thing is that these woodland people *do* remain moral and *are* never promiscuous, and this without having the facilities of early marriage or polygamy of their neighbours, the Java Muhammadans.

In the Badui tribe men and women marry comparatively late; engagements often last a year, during which time the lovers may not meet. Second marriages are rare, there are practically no divorces and no records of adultery since the memory of man! Neither are their principles adhered to from a fear of eternal punishment, but from the high ethic and moral standards of a primitive people who realize that any looseness would wreck their centuries-old isolation from the outer world.

They know and abide by the commandments of the mendicant Buddhist friars, which they must have heard long before they retired into the jungle.

> "*Thou shalt not kill, steal, lie, indulge in drunkenness, commit adultery, use food during the night, wear flowers or use perfumes, accept gold or silver. Thou shalt abstain from dancing, music, singing, and acting, and sleep on a mat on the floor.*"

These commandments are little infringed except in the case of playing of music and a rather vague conception of drunkenness. The normal drink of the Baduis is water, but they also brew a palm-wine called "wajoe," which they carry with them in long bamboo receptacles and sometimes indulge in to excess. They also have a peculiar weakness for monkey flesh and broiled snakes, both of which would not be touched by any respectable Malay or Javanese.

In addition to these Buddhist commandments there are various other local precepts, the reasons and origins of some of which it is difficult to trace. For example:

(*Continued on page 444*)

LY: A corner of Kosala, the Badui Sanctuary ear. No trouble is taken to maintain it in terraces are like small *plateaux* ornamented nes crowned with small monoliths or with anes, either set flat or erect. A short terraces is the ball-shaped stone seen ised on a pentagonal flat stone

A RELIC OF PRIMITIVE PRIESTCRAFT: Near the terraces of the Kosala Sanctuary is this huge slanting stone and a Buddha-like figure hewn out on a conical block of stone. The latter is resting on a flat stone which, again, lies on a pile of rough stones

LADY DRUMMOND-HAY writes on

WORLD AFFAIRS

A Caustic Causerie on Matters of International Interest

THE PRICE OF "PEACE." — Government costs heavily in these times. Our civilization is steadily becoming more complicated, the work of governing ourselves more expensive. Taxpayers, groaning under the burden of national Budgets, must also maintain the world super-government in Geneva.

The cost of the League of Nations organization in Geneva is now under fire. With drastic economy and cuts in home budgets the question is being raised in Geneva as to whether the expenditures of the League Secretariat cannot be scaled down.

The estimate of the League Budget for 1932, as reported by Sir Eric Drummond, Secretary-General, is just over £1,400,000—an increase of £160,000 over this year and nearly £400,000 over the budget of four years ago. And the League of Nations has no doles to pay out. Britain will be expected to contribute 10½ per cent. of the budget for next year, bankrupt Germany 8 per cent. Wealthy France pays no more than Germany. These figures do not take into account more than a small proportion of the cost of the new League of Nations palace on the shores of Lac Leman. The architects appear to have miscalculated badly. It was to have been a £1,000,000 palace. After work was begun it was discovered that another £600,000 will have to be called for to carry out the plan. This again is exclusive of £400,000 given by the ninety-two-year-old American "oil king," Mr. John D. Rockefeller, for the League library building. Work on the palace has been largely stopped until the assembly, now in session, considers the matter.

The League of Nations administration in Geneva has a personnel of 1,046. Of these, 673 are in the League Secretariat, and 373 in the International Labour Office. Thirteen States, the so-called "Anglo-French group," contribute 43 per cent. of this year's budget and have 543 of their nationals on the League pay-roll. Forty-one countries pay 57 per cent. of the League maintenance, and together have 219 in its service. Switzerland alone, with 284 Swiss in the League and International Labour Office, has more than the forty-one States. They occupy chiefly subordinate posts, including those of porters, messengers, etc. The Swiss Government, however, is dissatisfied with their pay, which is much lower than that of other nationals. Swiss typists, for instance, are paid £320 a year, as against other nationals' £480. The argument is that the Swiss living at home can and do live more cheaply than can the foreigner.

Sir Eric Drummond heads the salary list with £4,000—the pay of a prime minister, and an allowance of nearly the same sum for his staff. A Deputy-Secretary-General and three Under-Secretary-Generals each receive £3,000. "Liaison with China" is down for £19,200. "Liaison with Latin-America" for £11,298. For "Intellectual Co-operation," £11,540. For putting down slavery, £60—that is for the International Convention on Slavery. "Reduction of Armaments" will cost the League £186,300 at the coming Disarmament Conference. The Information Department of the League has a personnel of fifty-four.

NAPOLEON'S POST-HUMOUS EMPIRE.—France, imperiously dominant as never before; the prestige of the League at a low ebb. Those are the two outstanding factors which impressed me the other day in Geneva at the opening of the twelfth session of the League of Nations.

The agenda promises a dull session. The Commission, appointed at the inspiration of Briand to study the economic union of Europe, accomplished nothing practical. The twenty odd foreign Ministers just talked and talked. The Economic Commission of the League, dealing in part with the world crisis, had achieved just as little. If words could save the world, what a blessing Geneva would be! They fall there in unending torrents like the rains in Europe this summer.

The League is approaching a crisis—is, in fact, in the first stages of one. Dissatisfaction is general. In all really important international matters, the League is pushed aside, ignored, or simply used by one dominating power. The Locarno Treaty, the Dawes Reparation Agreement, the Young Reparation Plan, the Hoover Moratorium Year—all were arranged *outside* Geneva and the League. The whirligig of flying statesmen on the merry-go-round of visits between Berlin, Paris, London, Rome, avoided Geneva as if the League had outlived its usefulness. The tremendous expansion of the sphere of France's influence in the last two years, and the manner in which that power is used, threatens a growing loss of interest in the League by other nations.

The founders of the League never contemplated that it could, or ever would, so become the instrument of one power.

The rise, in the last five years, to affluence and almost limitless power of France, devastated, financially exhausted, and bled white at the end of the War, is an amazing phenomenon of history. Not since Napoleon was at the height of his glory have the might and influence of France been as great as to-day. With its vast North African Empire and growing hegemony of the Continent, it is no less than a realization of Napoleon's greatest dream. All that is reflected in Geneva.

As things stand to-day, Paul Boncour's proposed path to disarmament, suggesting that all members of the League obligate themselves to place their armed forces at the disposal of the League against any aggressor, is very much like asking them to place their forces at the disposal of the French General Staff.

All is not well with the League. And that troubles us in Britain perhaps more than anyone else, since so large a part of our people have faith, and believe, in Geneva.

THE DOMINANCE OF FRANCE.—The prematurely conceived, diplomatically bungled, ill-fated German-Austrian Customs Pact which was to sweep away the tariff walls between the two countries is dead. I was present at its death and burial in the cemetery of "lost hopes" in Geneva.

One may differ as to the political wisdom of the German and Austrian foreign ministers, Dr. Curtius and Dr. Schober, in launching this project when, and how, they did. There can, however, be little difference of impartial opinion as to the manner and methods by which France, in furtherance of her political ambitions, mobilized the machinery of the giant League against tiny Austria, football of European politics, to crush the project.

To the shame of the League, it must be said, although the League Council asked the World Court in the Hague for its judgment on the legal right of Germany and Austria to conclude such a Customs Union, Austria was forced to renounce it two days before the receipt of the World Court's verdict or opinion, date of arrival of which had already been announced.

Advantage was taken of Austria's desperate financial plight. She had appealed to the League Council for aid. France could block that aid. Her sympathetic support, or the granting of a credit by the Bank of France, was obtainable only as the price of renunciation of the Customs Union project before receipt of the World Court judgment. Domestic politics in France demanded this sacrifice. France could not wait two days. The saddest picture I have ever seen at the League was that of the snowy-haired Dr. Johann Schober in the European Commission. One must marvel that national feeling in Germany and Austria finds it compatible to remain in the League after such experience.

The line-up of the fifteen judges of the World Court is most interesting. It was, with one exception—Poland—a Latin verdict against Germany. Those who voted against Germany and Austria are France, Roumania, Cuba, San Salvador, Spain, Italy, Columbia, and Poland. Those who held the opinion that the two countries had a right to make a Customs Union were—Britain, America, Japan, China, Belgium, Germany, and Holland.

BELGIUM'S BLACK DEPENDENCY.—Native uprisings and disorders have again called attention to the Congo Colony, that treasure-trove and secret hoard of riches possessed by Belgium in the heart of Africa.

The Congo Colony, to give it its official title, is about five times as large as Germany. Between 15,000 and 16,000 whites autocratically rule there over some 15,000,000 blacks. The blacks are used to exploit the country's vast resources in copper, rubber, coffee, rare varieties of wood, gold, and diamonds. Two-thirds of the world's radium production come from the Congo Colony. And Nature there is as jealous of its treasures as is the Belgian Colonial Office itself.

The climate along the lower Congo is absolutely murderous, and is not conducive to bringing out the noblest qualities in the white man. It renders impossible white settlement on a large scale, or extensive colonization to relieve over-populated Belgium. The colonial policy has therefore been to train the blacks to run the railways and river steamers, telegraphs, to make of them carpenters, shoemakers, tailors, chauffeurs, policemen, always under white command or direction. This semi-civilization has brought to the blacks a clearer consciousness of rights, of equity for labour, has increased their living demands in return for the wealth they wring from forests or mines for Belgium. It has given rise to numerous strikes and disorders. In the hinterland of impenetrable jungle and forests, wild tribes have again been making forays on white or native stations.

FRANCE: *On the left M. Laval is seen setting out from his Normandy farm, "La Corbière," for his favourite recreation,* La Chasse, *while, on the right, M. Briand is seen leaving for Geneva, where he is taking a great part in the 12th Assembly of the S.D.N. A young admirer is seen wishing the silver-tongued apostle of peace* bon voyage

GERMANY: *Above are seen two facets of Hitlerism.* On the left *are the two youngest members of the militant Socialist organization, the Thuringian section of which paraded at the annual meeting held at Gera in the presence of Hitler himself* (right), *Dr. Frick, and Colonel Röhm, the leaders of the movement*

The SURVEY of the SPHERE

A GUN MOLL: Hilder Ferguson, ex-Follies girl (*above* at District Attorney's office) replied to Judge Freschi concerning knifing of Tough Willie McCabe, "I don't know anything, my dear." "Don't 'my dear' me," stormed the judge, and held her in 5,000 dollars bail. She went to jail—*American caption verbatim*

GANG-WAR PRISONERS: Brooklyn detectives put a notch in their anti-gang plotters when members of the seven-men gang, trapped in Brooklyn, blamed associates for two murders and countless hold-ups. As a result, four of the gang were accused of having shot and killed Anthony Ferrara who was taken for a ride, August 23, and, with two companions, lined up against a wall and shot. The four arrested are, *left to right*: Philip Rennert, 20; Solly Leibowitz, 19; Irving Schneider, 24; and Barney Wolfson, 22.—*American caption verbatim*

THE PASSING OF AN AUSTRIAN HERO: Tens of thousands lined the streets when the funeral of Archduke Leopold Salvator, the commander of the Austrian Artillery, passed through the city to St. Stephen's Cathedral. The last rites were celebrated by Cardinal Pfiffl in person and the coffin was then taken to the Habsburg vault in the Capuchin chapel. Some of the Habsburgs were in Buda where the Archduchess Isabella was being buried on the same day. The dead Archduke's sons—Anton, Franz Josef, and Leopold—led the procession

A SIGN OF THE TIMES: A Munich street-sweeper goes in for dress reform, influenced, doubtless, by the costumes worn by the semi-nudist Wandervogel—the German hikers. Even in "starving" and "bankrupt" Germany men of this class can smoke cigars—it is too long to have been picked up

SUMMER, 1931: This year's weather has occasioned almost as much ink in complaints and breath in curses to be expended as water in rain and air in wind! The irony of the season reached its climax, however, in Switzerland, for snow has fallen heavily in the neighbourhood of Geneva, coating the ever-capped mountains with their winter coats of white. Preparations are already in hand for winter sports! A group of "summer" visitors is seen above warming up on top of Rochers de Naye at Montreux

ART of the CANADIAN INDIANS

The early voyagers who skirted the eastern coasts of Canada during the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries, hoping to find a short new route to the fabulously wealthy lands of further Asia discovered, as they thought, only a wilderness of rivers and forests inhabited by strange wild beasts and by still wilder savages who roamed the woods half-naked, ignorant of the least amenities of old-world civilizations. To these old mariners the music of the Indians hardly rose above a succession of discordant wails and howls; handicrafts there were none beyond the crude shaping of wood, stone, and bone; and art, of course, had no existence, unless one deigned to designate as art the multi-coloured daubs of paint that disfigured the bodies and clothes of the wretched aborigines.

But our forefathers, or most of them, were narrowly circumscribed in their vision, valuing only what they had seen and known in the little towns of their homelands across the sea. Wider knowledge has brought more appreciation, and to-day we have learned that many of our Canadian Indians possessed notable talents for sculpture, painting, and other arts, although they exercised them in styles that differed entirely from the traditional styles of western Europe.

Indian sculpture and painting reached their highest levels on the Pacific shores of Canada, where the scattered vestiges of their past glory still excite the wonder and admiration of the innumerable tourists who throng to this region by rail, by motor-car, and in the luxurious steamers that ply up and down the coast-line.

Here are the stupendous totem-poles that tower from 20 to 60 ft. in the air, each pole carved from the solid trunk of a cedar tree, and embellished with strange figures of men and animals symbolizing the reputed ancestry of its owner and the mythological beliefs of his tribesmen. Here, too, are ruins of ancient houses also constructed from giant cedar trees, their posts embellished like the totem-poles with carvings, their painted pediments alive with whales and other monsters enclosed in curious geometrical frames. Always at the base of such a pillar is a gigantic figure whose gaping maw or legs gave entrance to the dimly-lighted house within.

There is an awe-inspiring grandeur about these poles and pillars, a barbaric grandeur, it is true, yet replete with dignity and with a genuine feeling for beauty in both line and form.

This ancient wood-sculpture and wood-painting, nevertheless, found little favour with the Europeans who planted their settlements along the shores of British Columbia during the nineteenth century. They demanded an art that was less monstrous and grotesque, objects that they could place on their side-boards and mantel-pieces, or hang like pictures along their walls. So the Indians of the Queen Charlotte Islands transferred their art to stone and, from a lustrous black slate that outcropped near one of their villages, carved beautiful bowls and platters, plaques, with figures of men and animals in high relief, and miniature totem-poles.

But their quarry became exhausted after about twenty-five years, the Indians lost three-fourths of their population through European diseases, and the demoralized survivors no longer had the courage to struggle and win for themselves a secure place in the new economic regime. To-day these slate carvings hardly exist outside of museums, where connoisseurs assign them one of the highest places among the art objects of extra-European provenance.

Vanished, too, or almost vanished, are the richly-coloured robes of mingled goat's wool and cedar bark that swathed the shoulders of the Indian chieftains at the old-time feasts and dances. We see them now only in museums—the famous "Chilkat" blankets, and in the remote villages of northern British Columbia.

Indian basketry, however, still survives and continues to flourish, because it satisfies a permanent need of the European population. The baskets made by the Indians of eastern Canada find a ready sale in the local stores; but the best specimens come from the Fraser River area in British Columbia, where the Indians use the peculiar "imbricated" technique to supply the decoration. At the mouth of this same river, and northward up the Pacific coast, milady may still discover a few beautiful bracelets of beaten silver engraved either with the ancient Indian patterns or with European floral designs. Beaten by the Indians from Mexican dollars, these bracelets were extremely common in this region half a century ago, but of late years have gradually gone out of use.

P. Jenness

THE CHILKAT BLANKET: A Skeena River Indian clad in a garment made from the wool of the wild mountain goat and a carven head-dress

BASKET WORK OF BRITISH COLUMBIA: One of the charming designs created in the Fraser River area

Right—A CHARGER IN SLATE: A dish made by Haida Indians of the Queen Charlotte Islands, B.C.

Left—IN A VILLAGE OF THE HAIDAS, one of the finest of the grotesquely carved door posts

ST. FRANCIS of the BEAVERS

An Indian Friend of the "Little People"

Lloyd Roberts, son of Dr. Charles G. D Roberts, the famous Canadian poet, is a newspaper man by profession but a poet by tradition and inclination. Every now and again he's off up in the hills with a little silk tent and an inquisitive disposition, to live in the greenwold with the wild things. The other day he came back from one of these jaunts full of a new experience He had spent days with Gray Owl, an Indian, who dwells in the forests of South-eastern Quebec, and is to the Canadian beaver what Jack Miner is to the Canada Goose, only more so.

There is a day when Gray Owl takes him deep into the forests, and soon after the two nature lovers, the red and the white, slide their canoe into the smooth waters of a lake, and swiftly paddle out into the golden sunlight.

Then comes the wonder of it all. The canoe glides to a smooth stop. Gray Owl lifts his paddle and there is a smart "thwack" as it strikes the water.

It is nigh on sunset, and as the two men sit silent there is an answer to that signal. The surface of the lake is suddenly furrowed by little sharp noses. They come directly to the canoe and then—it is nigh unbelievable—the "little people," the sharp-eyed brown beavers raise their paws to the gunwales and scramble aboard.

So it is that Gray Owl has recovered the beavers' natural friendliness for man, despite the years of insensate destruction by trappers and hunters.

Gray Owl swings back to camp, and there on his cabin floors his "little people" romp and play.

Last winter Lloyd Roberts paid a visit to Gray Owl; the lake was frozen and snow-covered, and so the beaver colony was visited by snow-shoe instead of canoe. There was a big white mound, but a round hole kept open by their breath indicated the "Little People" were inside, probably fast asleep in their orderly little house beneath the snow.

Gray Owl ran swiftly back to shore and, with a small axe, lopped off some young birch and alder branches, which he dragged back to the mound. He then cut a hole in the ice and, reaching into the black water below, drew out some sticks from which the bark had been peeled.

"You see, they are feeding all right," he said. "See the tooth-marks."

"I thought they stored their own food," ventured his visitor.

"Yes, they do, but these beaver expect me to add to their supply. Besides, the muskrat steals their sticks at every opportunity." And he pushed the new sticks through the hole and under the ice.

There were many tales told by Gray Owl to his visitor that night in the cabin. Gertie Gray Owl, the young wife, served up shanty beans

FRIENDS: Gertie Gray Owl provides a dish of boiled rice for her friend Jellyroll

and bannock, and Gray Owl told about his life with the "Little People."

It was here in Temiscouata, county Quebec, one day he found a wounded beaver. The little animal's plight touched him so much that he settled down and made his habitation there, becoming the protector of all the "Little People." He married, and his wife has proven her own large-hearted sympathy. "Saving the beaver from extinction; that's our life work," now says Gray Owl.

The first two beaver with whom he became really friendly (he does not attempt to domesticate them or make them "pets") were Jellyroll and Rawhide, who still live in the colony and who claim special privileges round the cabin. When Gray Owl calls from the trail the beavers come to him, whether they are busy building dams, felling trees, digging canals, or any other industrial job of beaver life.

They come to him with eager wiggles and squeaks of delight. He even finds them at the cabin awaiting his return. When he drops his pack on the cabin floor they eagerly scramble to tug at the cords, helping him to undo it. They tear open the bag of apples and delightfully fill their little forepaws with the fruit.

Jellyroll once wintered in the cabin instead of the lake. First he dug a tunnel and spread the earth over the cabin floor. He emptied the woodbox every night, making scaffolds to reach the tables and windows. Every seeming crevice was banked, and Gray Owl came home one day to find the door banked so tight with blankets from the bunk that he had to get in through a window. He found the windows obliterated with firewood. The beaver instinct was against places which admitted light; they were potential entries for enemies, so Jellyroll plugged up every open space.

Many a time was Jellyroll spanked that winter. He would squeal and twist and slap back with his tail, but never would he use his terrible teeth on his benefactor. Whenever he had to be punished he would stand up on his hind feet, look Gray Owl in the face and argue it out in a querulous treble.

Everything in the cabin now bears the mark of the teeth of Jellyroll and his friends. Bench and table legs, door jamb and bunk, even the log floor, are chewed up by the industrious "Little People." Over one of the windows there is a little Christmas tree which has a tale of its own.

The only wonder to me just now is that Lloyd Roberts ever came back from Temiscouata. I can imagine the farewell to Gray Owl, as the tall Indian raised a hand and said "Come again." And Lloyd Roberts saying "I will."

And if he does, I hope to go also.

Thomas Wayling.

H.M.S. "REVENGE"

Undergoing a LONG REFIT in the New Floating Dock at DEVONPORT

Flagship of Vice-Admiral Sir W. W. Fisher, First Battle Squadron, Mediterranean Fleet, is the ninth *Revenge*, built at Barrow in 1916. The first ship was built in 1577, which Sir Francis Drake described as his ideal of what a ship should be. The nine *Revenges* have seen continuous service since then, taking part in all important naval engagements including the Spanish Armada in 1588, and in the historic single-handed combat in 1596 immortalized by Tennyson, when the (first) *Revenge* attempted to cut through the Spanish Fleet of fifty-three sail, and only surrendered when she had sunk four ships and disabled several others, having run out of powder and having no mast standing. It is interesting to compare this action with this ship's active service in the last Great War, when she took part in the Battle of Jutland, was in action a little over two hours and suffered no casualties. She is here seen in the new floating dock undergoing repairs before joining the Mediterranean Fleet at the end of the year, when she will rehoist the flag of the Vice-Admiral. This drawing was made on the spot by special permission of the Admiralty.

THE ART of ADRIAN HILL, R.I.

H.M.S. "EAGLE"

The Newest AEROPLANE CARRIER in the Dockyard at DEVONPORT

This curious looking craft is one of the last and most up-to-date additions to this branch of the Navy. The importance of aircraft in the Great War led to the necessity for the creation of a special ship to be constructed like a floating aerodrome, in which aeroplanes could be housed, repaired, and from which they could take off while at sea. A special deck or platform is constructed over the vessel for this purpose. The aircraft carrier is considered rather an ugly duckling in the Navy, but notwithstanding its lopsided appearance, it is an indispensable arm of the service, and as the above picture shows, can look very impressive when seen from underneath the bows. On the right of the *Eagle* can be seen one of the latest types of submarine, and behind her again can be seen the silhouette of the *Marlborough* in dry dock, waiting to be broken up, in accordance with the new treaty.

The HAZE of ORION

An astounding product of the Mount Wilson Observatory. It took 3 hours' exposure to obtain the wonderful filmy detail here recorded by the aid of the great mirror telescope and its attached camera

Sir James Jeans, whose recent works on the starry universe have been exceptionally popular, describes the *nebula* of Orion as the smoke of a celestial city. He points out that there are two distinct types of *nebula :* one of a more or less definitely formed shape, the other type completely formless, having the appearance of twisting masses of smoke. No telescope, even the most powerful in existence, has yet been able to resolve these apparent masses of smoke into individual stars. Nearly all the nebular formations have a smoky-looking mass in the centre of their starry cluster. The shapeless *nebulae* are the more striking objects through the telescope by reason of their being nearer to the solar system. The *nebula* of Orion shown here is one of the most dramatic in appearance. In the centre is a darker spot which has been named the "Horse's Head." A member of this constellation is the giant red star, *Betelgeuse*, one of the most luminous stars, having 15,000 times the candle-power of the sun, and which, according to some computations, is many times larger in itself than the solar universe.

THE STORY *of the* MOON

The Case-History of a Burned-Out Satellite

Nowhere a web, or wing, or crawling, or moving thing. Everywhere an appalling silence, a thousand times more acute than the desert void of the Sahara. No afterglow, no dawn, no dusk. Objects stand etched, clean-cut studies in black and white; shadows are sharp-edged as thunder clouds against a blue sky. Gravity pulls down a mountain, and there is no noise, no dust. Ashes tossed in the air fall back in straight lines more slowly than snowflakes, undisturbed by the faintest breath of breeze. The sky is dark without a wisp of cloud anywhere. And always in the centre of the heavens glows a great globe, eighty times as massive as the moon.

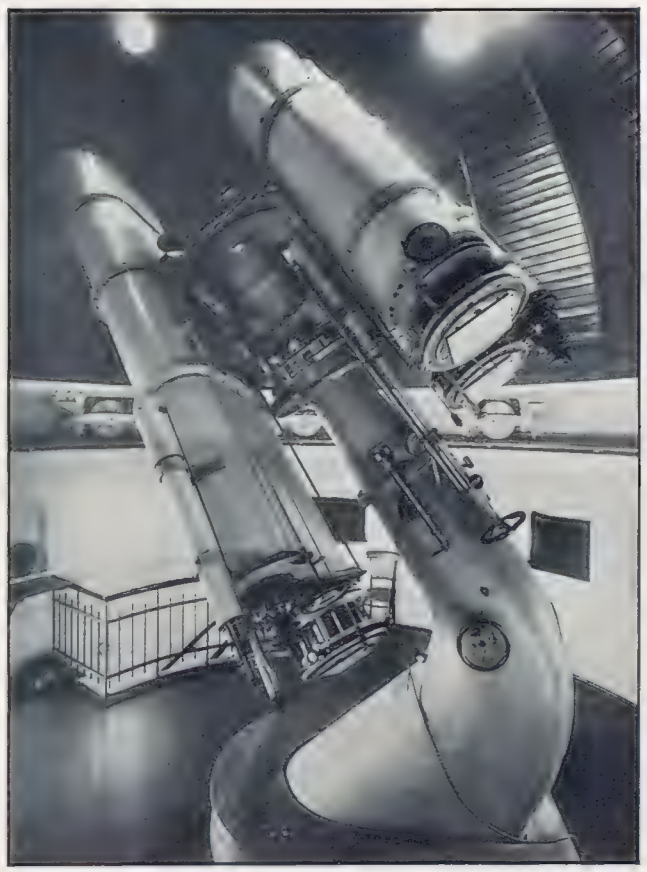
Is this a description of nightmare land? Not at all. Merely an account of how the moon would appear to a human standing on its surface—an account compiled from facts uncovered recently when a group of experts in all the physical sciences co-operated in an effort to make the man in the moon reveal his secrets. Every device known to the technicians, from the world's largest telescope to the smallest of telescopes, was brought to bear on moonshine. And while the scientists did not get all the information they wanted, by putting this and that together they learned a number of new and surprising facts about our heavenly neighbour.

The committee of distinguished men, appointed several years ago to make this intensive study of the moon, has completed its work, the members have compared notes, and their papers are now in the hands of the father of the idea, President Merriam of the Carnegie Institution of Washington. Working both separately and jointly, these diversely specialized savants enfiladed the moon, and the concerted attack lengthened out into a siege, which was only recently lifted. Yet, while the spoils of victory consist mostly of involved data, one of the most interesting revelations to the layman is that the moon has a bad case of chills and fever.

To discover the symptoms of this lunar illness, two scientists employed complicated moon thermometers perfected in the Mount Wilson Observatory, took the temperature of the side of the moon which is always turned to the earth, from moonrise to moonset, continuously every day and night for more than a year. They learned that as soon as sunlight streams across the earth-side of its face the moon's cold countenance is suffused with warmth—gets warmer and warmer until by mid-day it is sizzling hot. Water would boil in the craters, if water were there. Then, as the sun moves on, shadows ice-cold, night-black, creep across the pitted surface and, by midnight, the temperature falls as low as 254 deg. below zero, Fah.

The moon, therefore, cannot be thought of as the abode of life. Spores, or the seeds of life, may survive a short time in boiling water, but protoplasm in any form would instantly perish in bone-dry heat of 212 deg. or over. Spores have been found alive in the snow of Alpine peaks, but they are very rare, and the climate of the world's highest mountains is warm in comparison with the midnight moon. Where the temperature varies daily between 212 above and 254 deg. below zero, life hasn't got a chance.

Finding the moon a victim of chills and fever the astronomers turned their very definite facts over to the experts on volcanism, geology, and physics. The latter promptly went to work to diagnose the moon's spasms in order to learn its composition. Already they had granted that the moon could not be made of green cheese or anything else that would melt, because every pock-mark in that stony face has been there since the first telescope was invented. It would have to be some kind of matter which would become boiling hot in sunshine and eight times as cold as ice in the shade. It would have to take in and give out 466 deg. on the thermometer every day.



THE LIPPERT ASTROGRAPH in Bergedorf is a photographic astronomical instrument constructed by Zeiss. On one side of the declining axis two refractors of an objective-diameter of 34 and and 23 cms. respectively, and a length of 3.4 metres are arranged in a common casing. When photographs of astral bodies are made by means of the first refractor, the operator uses the smaller one as a "sight" refractor. On the other side of the axis are arranged two short focussed astronomical cameras of great strength of light

Previously the amount of radiation delivered by the sun upon the moon's disk had been determined by Dr. Edison Pettit of the Mount Wilson staff. Knowing that only rays with wave-lengths longer than ultra-violet rays can heat objects, he calculated exactly how much radiant energy struck every square mile of the moon's surface daily, for there were no clouds, no haze, no dust in the air—no atmosphere to interfere with the flow of sunlight. Lunar weather never changes save for a short time during eclipses. The physicists who undertook to find what has the same conductivity and convectivity as moon substance were Dr. Paul Epstein and Dr. F. E. Wright. Both had at hand the findings already reported by geologists and volcanists, together with information from other members of the committee. Working separately, the physicists experimented with various earthly materials, but nothing like sand or granite or lead or lava would take in or give out heat at exactly the moon's rate. At length they tried pumice—the granular, spongy framework of the foam which forms on lava and hardens as the bubbles of gas in it escape. It proved to be moon material. For, in the presence of the same amount of solar radiation as that received at the moon's surface, it heated, and in the absence of the radiation it cooled. In other words, its conductivity and convectivity tallied with the results the astronomers had obtained from the moon. If a great pumice-covered ball were substituted for the moon, they concluded, it would also have chills and fever—be boiling hot at noon and several times colder than the North Pole at midnight. Volcanoes have deeply dusted the face of the moon with pumice.

The violence of those ancient volcanoes is seen in the size of their craters, some of which are seventy miles across—ten times the diameter of the earth's largest crater. When those great craters were in wild eruption, what a sight the moon must have been! In the sunrise and sunset motion pictures, taken at the Mount Wilson Observatory, white light creeps across the craters in the morning, and black shadows creep back during the afternoon without the slightest twilight shimmerings along the edges.

If a man landed on the moon he would be both deaf and dumb. He might open his mouth, but no sound could come from his throat, because vibrating throat muscles produce sound waves only in air. Surrounded by a vacuum, his capillaries would burst and his eyes pop out. For, at 15 lb. to the inch, a man on the earth is surrounded by about 35,000 lb. of air pressure, and his body has been built in adaptation to that pressure. Take the pressure away and he would fare like a deep-sea fish suddenly raised to the surface. But, if he were strait-jacketed in clothes which kept him from exploding and carried his own supply of air, he would find himself performing miracles.

At every stride he would step 15 ft.; and, if he should stumble over a precipice, instead of falling 16 ft. in a second, he would fall only 2 ft. 8 in. The muscles which man has developed to handle weights against the powerful pull of the earth's surface gravitation would enable him to out-jump a kangaroo and play ball with boulders. He would weigh only one-sixth as much as he weighed upon the earth, yet he would be six times stronger because the pull of gravity, which determines weight and measures physical ability, is only one-sixth as strong on the moon as on the earth.

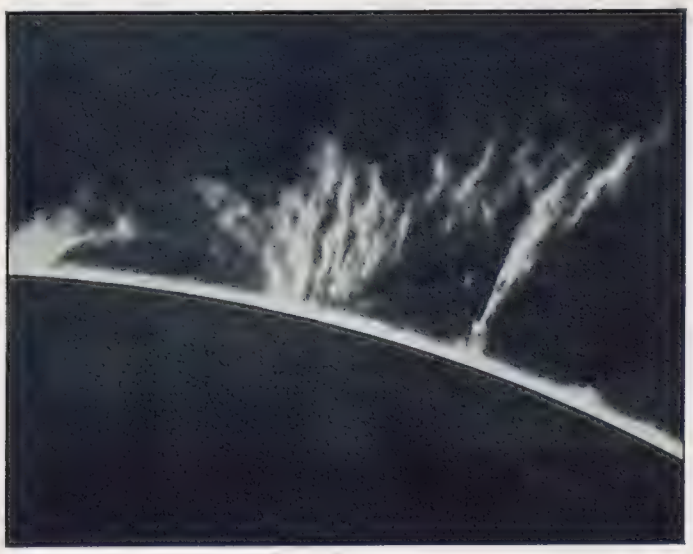
ALL *but a* CENTURY *of newly-discovered* PLANETS

In a small observatory on a hill near Heidelberg, Professor Max Wolf's 16-in. camera-telescope last year discovered and photographed ninety-nine new planets in our solar system, and a group of Mount Wilson's astronomers is preparing to make an intensive study not only of these new ones, but of the whole multitudinous family to which they belong. Called asteroids by astronomers, they are literally little planets, or planetesimals. About 1,200 had previously been discovered, and the hunting is still good even for amateurs, because there are probably several hundreds yet to be found.

If these little planets could tell their story, what a tragedy it would be! It would cap the climax of any catastrophe ever experienced by the earth, for they are fragments of a world which either exploded or was pulled apart while in the making. To find the scene of that cosmic disaster, write a series of 4's, then to the second 4 add 3, then to the third add twice 3 and so on in doubling numbers, the outcoming being—

4	4	4	4	4
0	3	6	12	24
4	7	10	16	28
Mercury	Venus	Earth	Mars	Little Planets
4	4	4	4	
48	96	192	384	
52	100	196	388	
Jupiter	Saturn	Uranus	Neptune	

In round numbers the sums represent the relative distances of the planets from the sun. To reduce the distances to miles, divide the sums by 10, then multiply by 93,000,000—the approximate distance of the earth from the sun. This is Bode's law. It does not locate the planets exactly, because the sun and the planets have all grown older and smaller since the solar system was born. A few trillion years ago the sun weighed twice as much as now, and its pull on the planets may have changed with its weight, permitting them to wander slightly from their original orbits. When Bode's law was first announced, neither Uranus nor Neptune nor any of the planetesimals had been discovered. But the law told where to look for them. In the orbit between Mars and Jupiter, however, there was no planet. The law called for one, but it was not there. Was the law at fault, or had something happened to the planet? Sweeping the vacant orbit with telescopes, astronomers discovered the débris, or wreckage, of the lost planet.



A SOLAR PROMINENCE 80,000 miles high recorded at the Mount Wilson Observatory. Solar prominences are immense upsurges of glowing gases sometimes rising 500,000 miles above the sun's surface

Ceres, the largest of the planetesimals, was the first located. It has a diameter of only 480 miles. Pallas, the next largest, is only 304 miles through; Vesta, 240 miles; Juno, 120 miles; and there are hundreds of smaller ones. New ones are being discovered all the time, even by amateur astronomers. As fast as found, they are named and reported to the international centre for the subject in Berlin. The legendary lore of all lands has been ransacked for names, and some have been named not only for cities, colleges, and friends of their discoverers, but even for ocean steamers, pet dogs, and favourite desserts.

d

HARVEST of HA

The Great Hungarian Festival of Tokay Ecs and Picturesqueness all Vintage Ceb

THE YOUNGEST OF THE WORKERS: A little Hungarian girl, in the picturesque national dress, who toils in the harvest on the slopes of Mount Tokay. The imperial wine is still made in the "land of minorities," although the Empire is no more. Tokay is, to many connoisseurs, unjustly esteemed, for it is a harsh, sweet, and cloying wine

TO THE WINE-PRESS: A group of workers bear on their heads their loads of The ordinary Tokay is made much as other wines, but the finest Imperial g their juice only from the pressure of the grapes laid on top other immortal vintage of 1811

THE PRESS-ROOM: When the wine has been pressed in here, then the great festival, eclipsing similar ceremonies in other countries in its picturesque abandon, its intensely national gaiety is held with the medieval splendour of its feast and song and dance to the music of Tsigane fiddlers, those magic-makers who set the night alive with sound

IMPERIAL PINTS OF IMPERIAL WINE barrels to mature in the wood unt to make it welcome

PPINESS

Ecpses in Gaiety
Eebrations

MAGYAR NOCTURNE: A group of peasants round the kettle in which simmers the national dish, the goulash. Hungary has retained, despite its century-old tradition as a buffer State between West and East, despite its Habsburg dominion and despite its recent dismemberment, all its intensely individual characteristics

acof grapes to be trodden and kneaded. pe! grapes used to be allowed to exude othem; in such fashion was created the

NEW WINE IN OLD BARRELS: The barrels of yesteryear, voided of their vintage, are pressed into service again the year they are empty. Tokay, the rarest and most costly of wines, derives its appeal purely from these two qualities, for to a connoisseur it cannot compare as a dessert wine with Madeira, Chateau Yquem, or the finer ports and sherries. Tokay should be served in fan-shaped glasses

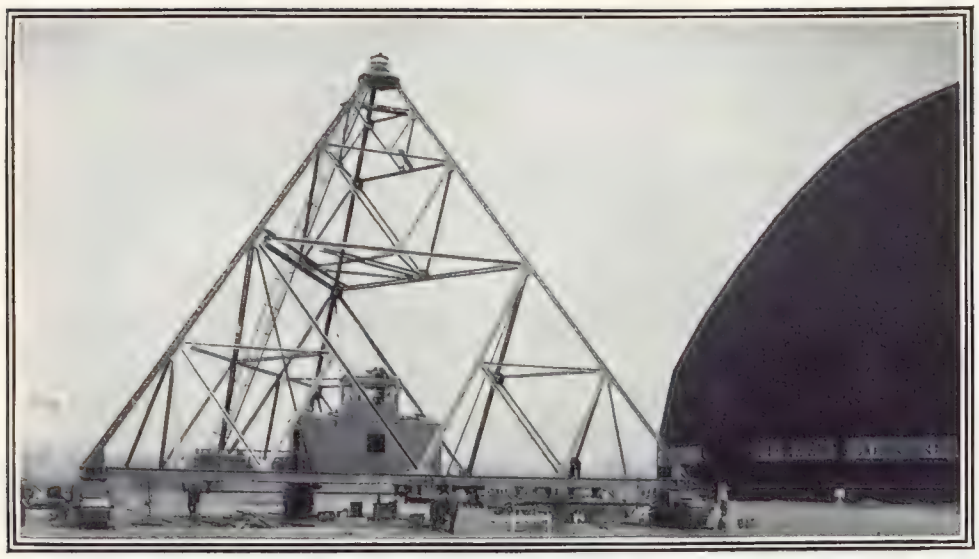
NI The fresh vintage garnered into nt it has attained sufficient mellowness the Hungarian palate

October is the month of wine harvest in Tokay—a month of songs, a month of joy. As soon as the vintage is finished, the fresh wine glistening in bottles and vats, the sound of joyous laughter, of lively music, and the clink of glasses is heard. The proprietor wears his friendliest smile; placards announcing the coming wine-feast invite the dwellers in the neighbouring estates and villages to the merry celebration. Decorated horse vehicles and heavy carts make the rounds, recruiting guests for the festival of the owner of each estate. Everybody must come, youth and grizzled age, to take part in the great festivities of the wine harvest. In gay-coloured streams the guests make their way to the estate, eager for music, wine, dancing and merriment. For a fee they may enter and take their place at the immense tables, set in the open air, laden with plenteous good things to eat. Speeches are made, at first shyly and awkwardly, but wine loosens the tongue, and continually new "Elien" (toasts) ring out to the proprietor and his house. An ox—the gift of the master—is roasted whole on an enormous spit in the open air, the first course of the feast. Then, when the gipsies begin to fiddle and the cymbals ring, the blood runs quicker and eyes begin to glisten. The proprietor himself opens the Czardas (the Hungarian national dance) with one of his maidens. At the festival there is no class distinction; the work unites together master and peasant, and soon the earth resounds with hundreds of stamping feet. But first there are the games which are never omitted. On a tightly stretched band grapes are hung and gaily-clad girls take care that no unauthorized hand touches them. Yet forbidden fruit is sweet, and if one of those present trusts himself near the grapes and tries to grasp what is not his own, the girls seize him, and he is set free only on payment of a forfeit. The money thus collected is destined for the musicians. The Tsiganes know this well, and play untiringly. Then come once more wine, gipsy music, and again wine—much wine, too much for keeping of clear heads. But who thinks of keeping sober when all goes gaily and merrily, when everyday cares are forgotten? The feast lasts until the morning hours, until the weariness of the guests points to them the way home

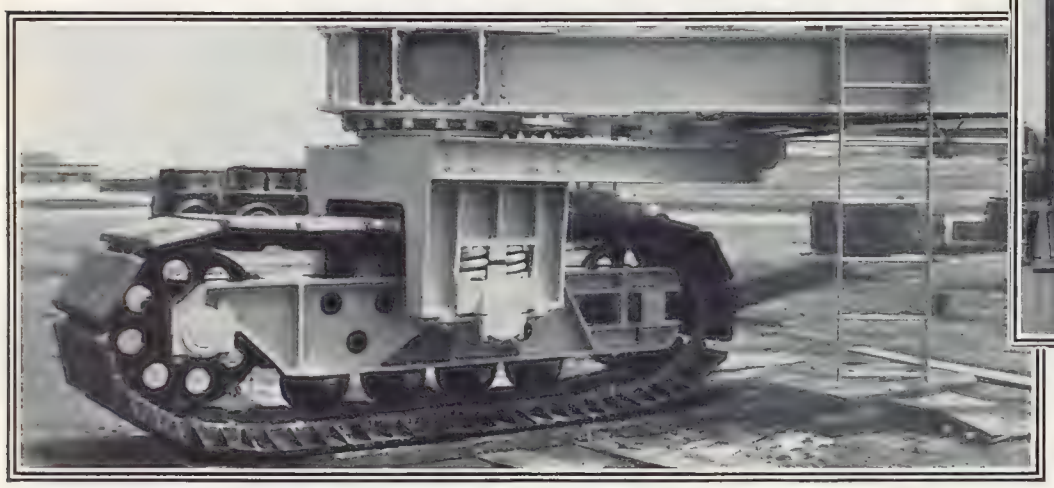
TO BE GUARDED BY HUNGARIAN GIRLS: The best bunches of grapes left over are set aside for the ritual games in the evening. Anyone attempting to snatch these grapes has to contribute to the orchestra

LIGHTING, MOORING, and FIRE-FIGHTING RADIO

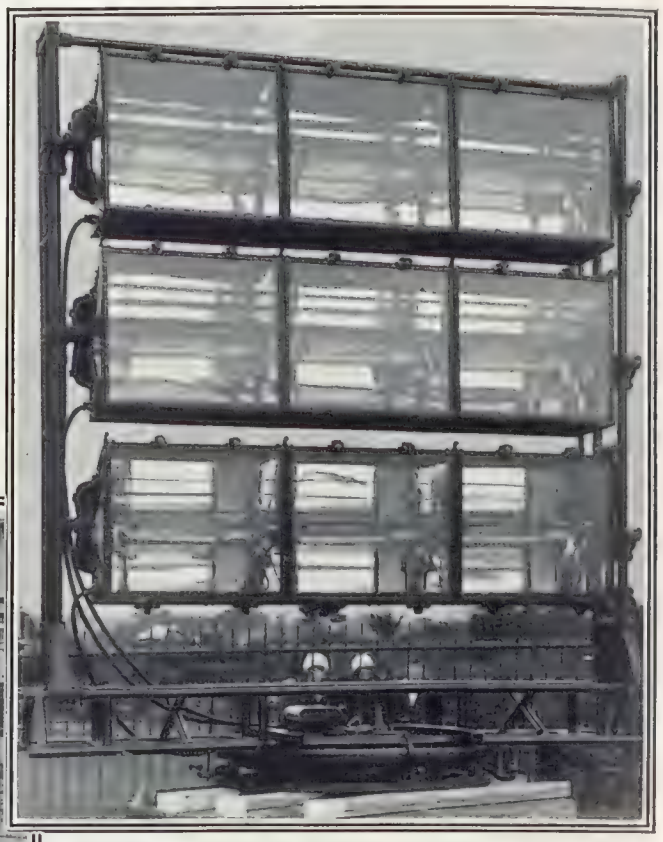
Three Mechanical Problems Solved



"A MOTORISED HITCHING POST": The Goodyear mobile mooring-mast, a device developed at Lakehurst, New Jersey, and familiarly termed the "iron horse." It is used in handling the dirigible giant, U.S.S. *Akron*. The triangular base of the pyramid is spaced on a circle 100 ft. in diameter; at each corner of the base is a caterpillar tractor, the two at the rear supplying motive power; the one forward the steering



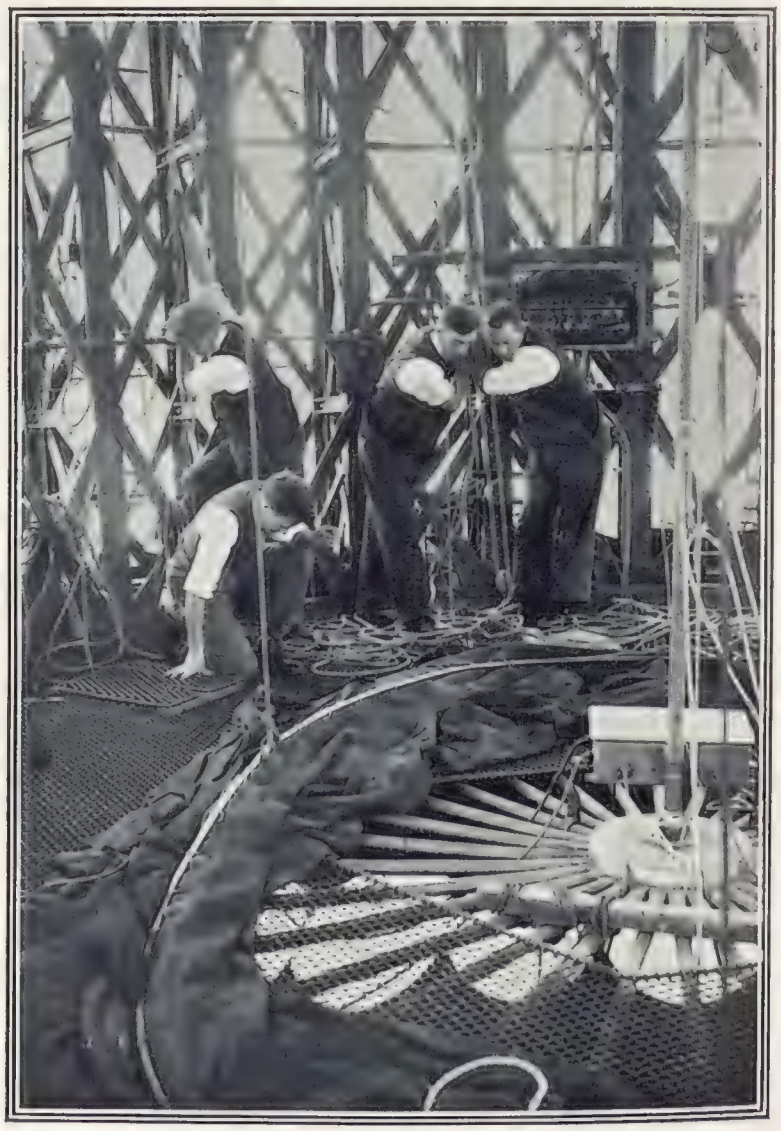
SPEED—2 M.P.H.: One of the tractors driving the Goodyear mobile mooring-mast seen in the top picture. The 76 ft. high mast is of standard design and can be used for any airship. Sufficiently stable to provide an all-night anchorage, the mast is also used to manœuvre ships in and out of the hangar, eliminating the landing party. The tractors can drive it either forward or back at equal speed



750,000 CANDLE-POWER: A huge device used for floodlighting an aerodrome to enable aeroplanes to land by night. In such brilliance as these lights provide, the chances of a faulty landing are reduced to a minimum, no matter what the condition of the ground

Above—IN THE HARBOUR OF ROTTERDAM: A new quay wall is being constructed of concrete. The building work is carried out by floating basins to the required spot and then sinking them by filling them with liquid concrete

On left—WIRELESS FIRE STATION: After world-wide experiment in wireless telephony, here is seen the first picture of the Rochdale (Lancs.) station transmitter just completed and being used by its inventor, Fireman Shaw, to maintain uninterrupted communication with a fire engine moving at 40 m.p.h. some five miles distant.



500,000 CANDLE-POWER: The Faraday Centenary celebrations include an Electrical Exhibition at the Albert Hall, the dome of which is to be decorated with a white canopy a quarter of a mile in circumference from which a half-million candle-power light will emanate. The canopy is seen here being sent up into position by workmen

Upon the triangular base of the Goodyear mooring-mast is mounted a small machinery house which contains a 240-h.p. petrol engine and an electric generator. Underslung between the two rear tractors is a 125-h.p. electric motor, and from these units power is transmitted to the two rear tractors. Power generated by the petrol engine is transformed into electricity in order that a smooth, steady application of energy to the driving tractors may be had

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The Passing of the MARINE MARTINET

The great ship ploughs its silent way through the close heat of the Indian Ocean. Its black funnels leave a trail through the leaden sky, sole evidence of man in this wilderness. Sharks nozzle through the creaming wake, waiting for the scraps of food that are thrown from the galleys. But in the great passenger ships that keep their relentless programme to the East, there are old servants of the company who see a new message written in that skirt of lacy water that follows, sweeping the ocean. It is the message of change.

Gone are the days of tyrannically strict discipline on the mail boats. Gone are the stiff collars and starched shirts once ordained for all times of the day and night, for all climates. The old efficiency and reliability are there, but they have lost some of their discomfort for the men who served the old martinets of the passenger routes of the East.

Find a seafaring man and you find a raconteur. Flatter a ship's officer and he rewards you with a story. But we were several points East of Suez, with the charts on the bridge showing a direct line set to Bombay, before the old captain of the mail boat settled me down in his easy chair and told me the almost incredible tales of men and women and ships that passed the blazing days and the stifling nights through that glassy sea.

Before us the moon made a pathway of silver, flecked here and there by the white horses which showed their manes even on this flat expanse. The sky was spangled and soft in its blueness. The derricks were flat over the well-deck, and almost the only sound was the swish of water overflowing from the canvas swimming bath. The point of a cigar glowed and lit up the lined features of the commander. He had dined. He had been on the bridge. This was his kingdom. All that was needed was an audience. Hence myself, eavesdropper by appointment.

So he spoke of high collars and ships' cats, of the days before the refrigerator, of the days when the comfort of an electric fan had never been imagined.

First the cats. Three of them played sleepily about his legs, and it was their number that reminded him of the famous cat that saved the company £5,000. The law of shipboard was that there should be no more than three. If another cat was found, he assured me, the deck steward was completing his last voyage. So the deck steward, king of deck chairs and the quoit game, was invested also with the task of defying Eros.

For once there were too many cats. So many that there were times when it was difficult to account for all the cat life on board. Thus it happened that one was missing in the port of Melbourne, where the ship had put in for a cargo of apples, packed in ice in the frozen depths of the ship. The search continued, without reward.

Then a seaman reported hearing a faint mewing in the depths of the hold. It was weak and pitiful, and his soul forced him to report the sound to the captain. His hearing was vindicated.

There began that day such a frenzied unpacking of frozen apples as had seldom been known before even in that busy port. Men worked for no reward, undoing the hours of work they had put in with those crates of frozen fruit. And eventually there was dragged out the half-frozen body of a cat almost at its last mew. The delay and the unpacking cost the company over £200. The story of the cat that kept a liner waiting twenty-four hours went round the world. The several societies for the welfare of cats presented the captain with a diploma and a medal of merit. Cat-lovers wrote to him from all over the world expressing their appreciation.

But, as the captain said slyly, he had no other option. The apple importers would have condemned the cargo. . . .

A change, too, in the costume of ships' officers. They dine, now, in white drill as soon as Port Said is passed in the hot months. They are to be seen on the bridge, says rumour, in the delightful informality of pyjamas when the dawn comes up like thunder over the Indian Ocean. For who is to say that a man is less trustworthy for the lives of those below him because he is cool and comfortable?

But the captain remembered when he served as junior to a very martyr among men. A commander who crucified his neck in the stiffest of starch, and who pilloried those more adipose officers whose collars wilted in the steaming heat. Musters were his hobby. Starch was his creed, in shirts as in morale. No man, thought he, could direct the fortunes of 400 passengers on the high seas unless he was clothed righteously in board-like shirts. The stiff neck encouraged the alert mind. Starch for the collar and cuff, and starch for the soul.

His musters were the terror of the ship. He would muster his officers and men for the reading of a little homily or for a lecture on cleanliness. And for the reception of his gilded words, no matter what the time of day nor the state of the barometer, every officer and man would be in thick monkey jackets, starch shirts, tight mess overalls, and black boots. Different days. . . .

Days, these, before the coming of the Iron Cow, that docile Robot animal that suffers not from the heat nor from storms, and gives its pure milk every day to 400 men and women. Then, in the dark days, a cow was dragged aboard at Tilbury docks, or sometimes a goat, and the poor beast sulked in the sunshine and the damp heat and sacrificed itself for the line.

Sometimes the goat suffered from the heat, and its whereabouts, with a following wind, was painfully obvious to all aboard. So that when the wind changed right about the goat could be seen being dragged to the other end of the deck, a wretched, miserable beast, often the object of much ingratitude from the very people for whom it daily provided.

Once, too, a director of the line was aboard, a man of luxurious and sensitive mind not suited to hot-weather travel in those days. This man sent a note to the captain on the question of the goat and its method of advertising its whereabouts. "Please draw this to the attention of those immediately concerned," he wrote to the captain; "the goat smells abominably."

So the bugle went for muster, and officers and men tumbled into stifling starch and choking collars for the honour of the line.

The bugle went again to intimate that the commander was ready for the inspection of his men and the matter of the goat. A few words sufficed, and the goat was sent for. Then, solemnly, the commander read out to the goat, miserable, heat-tortured animal, the contents of the letter. "To those immediately concerned. . . ."

And with a further magnificent gesture, he tore the note up into little pieces and threw them overboard. There were no more complaints about the goat.

But perhaps one of the most significant changes in the policy of one of the biggest passenger lines to the East is that, after many years' resistance, the rules now permit dog-lovers to take their pets aboard. The prohibition of livestock has hitherto been rigorously enforced. Only during the last six months has the rule been reversed. And cheerful news though this is to those who travel unhappily without their pets, my informant of the control bridge recalled with misgivings how, on another line, permission to carry pets had been often interpreted in a rather too generous manner.

Certainly the lady passenger who boarded the ship at Adelaide with her lion cub and her kangaroo considered them as pets. They were young and frolicsome, and friendly disposed to the officers and each other. They were easily manageable and clumsily playful.

The journey from Adelaide to London, however, is long. The beasts of the field grow inconveniently from their charming puppy stage. And combined with the heat and the restricted space, their natural ferocity began to assert itself long before the ship had entered Western waters.

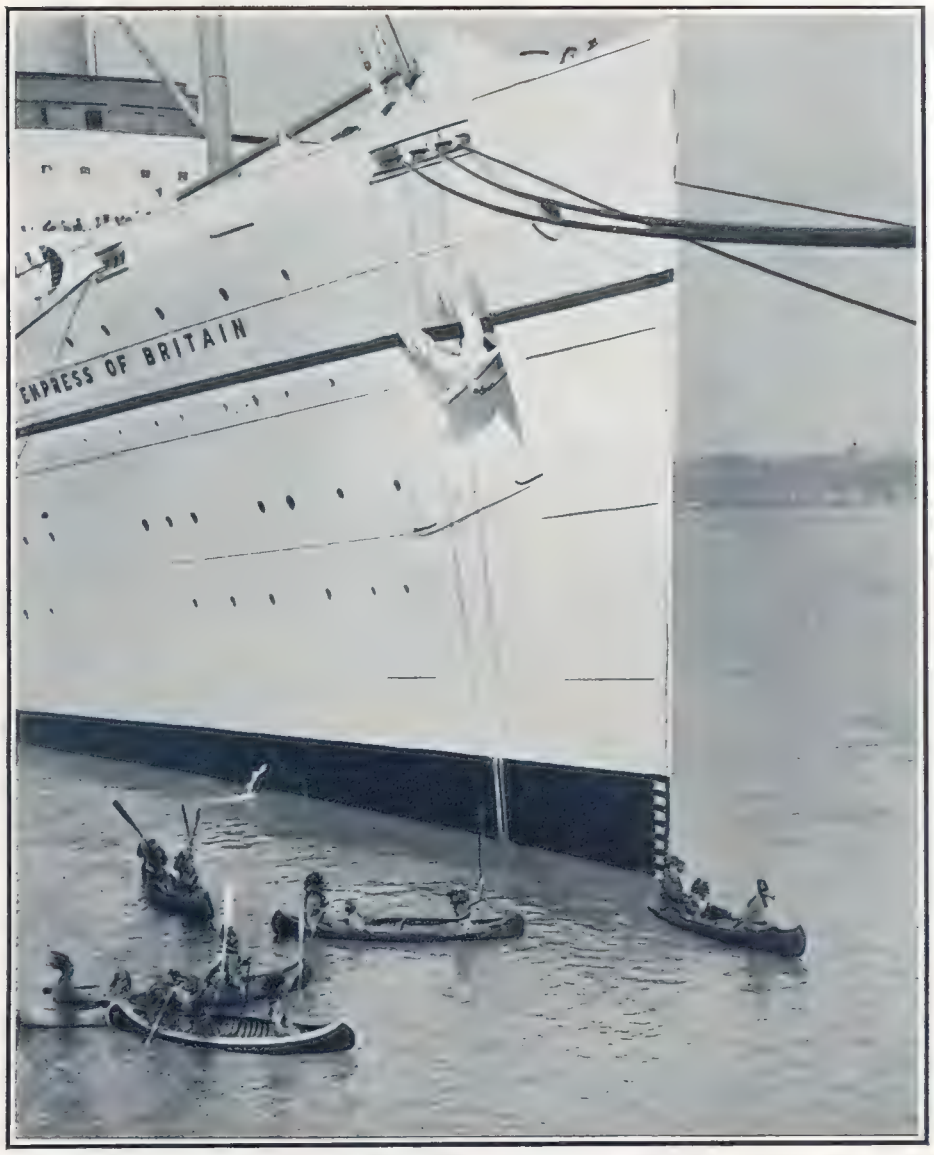
It seemed that the only permanent place of safety for the beasts was "up topsides," where straying passengers could keep out of their no doubt playful clutches and where a responsible member of the crew could keep a weather eye on the erstwhile pets.

Thus it was that the captain found himself, in the still watches of the night, pacing the bridge on a shorter sentry-go than was his custom, for his march was terminated at one end by the baleful glare of a fine young lion, and on the other by the snatching paws of a kangaroo rapidly growing into an adult, each animal concentrating the hate of the jungle at the other across that narrow strip of bridge.

After which the captain decided that there must be some stricter differentiation between pets and beasts of prey.

So the ship goes on, with the traditions of the sea permeating its customs, flying the flag of tradition at the masthead. Its martinets have gone, but on shipboard nowadays there is the same strength of discipline freed from the discomforts which the word used to imply.

V. B.



INDIANS BID FAREWELL TO THEIR NEWLY-ELECTED CHIEF: Braves of the Six Nations Indians in their canoes bid farewell to Captain R. G. Latta, commodore of the Canadian Pacific Fleet, in the 42,500 ton liner, *Empress of Britain*. Captain Latta has been elected Chief Tehoniatarakakowa (swiftest rider of the mighty waters). It is as yet undecided whether to rename the deck-hands, the stewardesses, and the surgeon braves, squaws, and medicine man! The picture comes from Quebec

DERELICT: A timber ship with her back broken. She is lying on the famous Chesil Beach, near Weymouth, on to which she was driven a year ago when rounding Portland Bill. Her cargo of grain was salved. She is now the home of innumerable rats—a source of much local trouble

GROCK'S AMAZING LIFE

And Other Literary Matters of the Week

Reviewed by CECIL ROBERTS

Some years ago when I was living in rooms that looked down upon the Roman Forum, rooms with so precipitous a view from the balcony that many of my visitors complained of vertigo, my bell was rung long after midnight. I made a slow descent down the dark stairs, to find a young man sitting on my step in what seemed to be the last stage of hysteria. In response to my repeated inquiries he was shaken by sudden gusts of laughter, and finally, recovering his breath, followed me up the stairs to my rooms where he again collapsed in the nearest chair.

I recall this strange night in Rome, because it was then that I first heard the name Grock. For after many requests the poor imbecile in my chair explained the cause. And a very poor cause it seemed. Earlier that evening he had been to a Roman music-hall where one of the performers had been a bald-headed comedian who did strange things with a piano and a fiddle. That was as much as I could ascertain from my convulsed caller. I think I was more annoyed by his insistence that I should go with him the following night to the same music-hall to see this genius than by his extraordinary behaviour and the lateness of his call. For I have not the music-hall mind. When by some uncontrolled circumstance I have found myself sitting at a variety performance it has always seemed remarkable that men should go to extraordinary trouble to do quite useless things, such as juggling with twenty plates, lifting two men with one's teeth, step-dancing with incredible ugliness of movement, etc. As for the red-nosed comedian, or even the kilted one, I am made to feel uncomfortable by the sight of one of the same race being compelled to resort to such a mode of livelihood. Perhaps I am deficient in humour, or sophisticated. Certainly in a music-hall I am bored. The whole performance seems like an elaborate excursion in inanity. I was, therefore, the last person my hysterical midnight caller should have sought in order to share his rapture. Finally, mainly to pacify him, I consented to go with him the next night to see this prodigy with his piano and fiddle. All through the day I reproached myself for my weakness; even when the curtain rose I was still in revolt. "Wait," urged my ecstatic friend. I had to wait through a dreary procession of turns. At last the prodigy was announced. I felt grateful for my approaching release from boredom.

And then something happened. The uncouth, slightly inhuman object that waddled on to the stage did something to the audience, myself included. It made it homogeneous in a manner I had never witnessed before. We laughed as one man, we sat entranced as the extraordinary object uttered its little squeaks, touched the piano with inquisitive hands, strangled the cry of a violin, rocked on a chair, and tobogganed down a grand-piano lid. Afterwards I tried to analyse the hypnotic power of this freak creature. The next night I went back again. I went, unable to forgive myself the weakness, four times that week to see Grock. Even now I do not feel in any way ashamed of myself. There is only one Grock.

It is unlikely that we shall ever see him again. He is tired of making the world laugh. He has bought himself a little villa on the Italian Riviera where he intends to sit amid his vines, and bask in the pleasures of prosperity. For Grock to-day is a rich man, and a shrewd man. He knows that fate has smiled on him, and the favour has not turned him into a spoilt child. Since we are curious to know what manner of a man this is under the bald wig, who speaks with a few squeaks, and is so pathetic in his undersized whimsicality, he has satisfied us and written a book all about himself. It is quite worthy of Grock, and one discovers that he gets as much amusement out of life as he put into it for others. His book, *Life's a Lark* (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.), is a delightful record of a long struggle, and the man who emerges from its pages is an enthusiast for his trade, unspoiled by adulation, and very naïve in his attitude to life.

"Here I sit, thinking of the little petty existence that is me, and how fortunate I am. I am Swiss born. I have three native lands to my credit. I am at home wherever German is spoken and thought. I am at home wherever French is spoken and thought. I am at home wherever Italian is spoken and thought. I am innately incapable of understanding how one nation can hate another or bear a grudge against another. . . . On I go, down by the St. Gotthard towards Italy and Oneglia, on the sea coast where my new house is built. To-morrow morning, when I open my windows, I shall look far, far across the sea towards an island capped with snowy mountains—Corsica!"

And with him in the villa sit his wife, his mother, eighty years old, his father-in-law, and his little daughter. Grock at home, a happy family gathering after wandering across the world, sleeping under canvas, as in those early days, half starved, or fearfully facing a foreign audience, he sits and wonders at his own good fortune.

He was born in a small Bernese village, the son of an innkeeper who was also a watchmaker. So to-day in his villa Grock has three workrooms, one for carpentering, one for locksmithery, and one for watchmaking. His first audience was gathered in his father's inn. Then for three days he joined a travelling circus run by a friend. After that he knew his vocation. All his thoughts by day and night were directed to the end of being the most famous clown in the world. But before that day came he played many rôles. There was none stranger than that of tutor in the Hungarian home of Count Bethlen. He went from rags and starvation into an atmosphere of luxury and fine manners. He rapidly won his audience in this strange circle, though sometimes the manner of his wooing was strange, as when he climbed to the top of a huge chimney and stood on his head because he had been dared to do it by a young aristocrat annoyed by the favours he had attracted. A few months later, in the whirligig of fate, Grock has become a nursemaid! In turn he was attacked by wolves in the forest, and by a fire-eater for paying too much attention to his wife. He loves all the world except America. "It makes me hot all over only to think of U.S.A.," he cried, but he had a series of misfortunes in that land that would make anybody unenthusiastic, including an Atlantic storm, a train smash, and pneumonia. And since England likes Grock it is pleasant to learn that Grock likes us. We did not give him pneumonia. Instead, he was welcomed for five consecutive Christmases to that Mecca of all variety artists, the summit of their achievement, the Coliseum. Here is his view of us:

"I am more than a little crazed on everything English. I like the breed of men they are, their manner of upbringing, their eternal haphazardness, their tolerance, their healthy dislike of being made fools. I can't do anything but praise them. By now I have had the opportunity of cogitating on the peoples of many lands. And this is the conclusion I have come to—that we could all do very much worse than mould ourselves according to English principles. I know what I am talking about. I was in Russia, for instance. . . ."

This is a pleasant, chatty book telling one of the strangest life histories, always extremely human in its outlook and, what might not be looked for, a very well-written story.

I had not got half-way through *Footslogger*, by Graham Seton (Hutchinson. 18s.), before I thought the author was the most conceited man I had ever heard of, and when I had finished the book I was still more certain that he was. But it is a conceit so entire and arduous that it becomes humorous, moreover Lieut.-Colonel Hutchinson has much to be conceited about. Just forty, in the 400 pages of this book, with scarcely a dull one, he tells an astonishing story of an adventurous life in all quarters of the globe. He was ever ready to advise Generals or Cabinet Ministers, to run boys' clubs, or fashion fairs, to storm trenches, or climb mountains, to dabble in heliotherapy, or company promoting. He excels as an artist, as this book proves, and as a raconteur. But surely it was not necessary to give us so many testimonies to his bravery, his cleverness, his success in everything he undertook. All that might be taken for granted. When he chooses to write a novel it becomes a best-seller, in fact the gallant colonel can do anything superlatively well, but nothing for long. We leave him growing flowers in his garden (he has a flower named after him in tribute to his horticultural gifts), the apostle of a new cult of the superman. It is all very bewildering and breath-taking. But if ever a man lived, that man is Graham Seton, and after putting down his book I felt as if I had spent an evening on a round-about. Footslogger indeed! why the man has rushed through life like a comet impelled by spontaneous combustion.

With her novel, *Jalna*, Mazo de la Roche won a personal triumph, and she has succeeded in widening her public with further chronicles of the Whiteoak family. Her achievement is all the more remarkable in view of the fact that she deals chiefly with the Canadian scene. Now, in a third contribution to her saga, *Finch's Fortune* (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.), she brings the chronicle to England and sets her characters in a Devon landscape. We now follow the fortunes of young Finch after the inheritance of his grandmother's money. He transports to England his two uncles, and enjoys the hospitality of his aunt, who is a typical county lady. There is nothing new or exciting in this intimate study of English country life, but Miss de la Roche writes with such zest for the English landscape and character, that one is carried along through a story that holds nothing more dramatic than a young gardener's suicide for love, and the unhappy conflict of Finch in his first affair. The character of Finch, so light, lovable, and understanding, is one of the author's best creations, and this third volume in the Jalna history makes a pleasant pause, a summer day's idyll, in the splendid drama of tribal consciousness.

GROCK, the inimitable comedian, whose life is reviewed on this page

Alas! My novels this week have proved a sorry batch. The critics are divided over Mr. William Faulkner. Some describe him as a genius, others as a writer of high-sounding nonsense. In *Sanctuary* (Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.) I still fail to find any great quality in the writing. The author seems to think that language is a wild bird, whose neck is to be wrung. His characters delight in calling one another bastards, and I decline to believe that any race in the world conducts its conversation on such a continuous borderline of obscenity, even though we are dealing with a community of bootleggers. It is claimed for Mr. Faulkner that he is making important experiments in creative form. The results seem to me to be nonsense—"her mouth warped over the rigid, placative porcelain of her grimace," "she lay motionless, her palms uplifted, her flesh beneath the envelope of her loins cringing rearward in furious disintegration like frightened people in a crowd." One expects people in a crowd, but that flesh can cringe at the same moment that it is in furious disintegration is beyond my comprehension.

After pages of this futuristic jargon with no future, I sought another sanctuary in *Unconquered Love*, by Ricarda Huch (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 7s. 6d.), but I had only gone from one extreme to another. Here all is form, and little else. This narrative in the first person, with its tedious introductions to every member of a German burgher family, is beautifully composed and splendidly null. All the figures are cameos, carefully carved and as flat as cameos. In weariness I turned to *Conversations with Oscar Wilde* (Philip Allan. 7s. 6d.), hoping that I might find something sparkling at last. Why, oh why, does the name of Oscar Wilde attract all the world's worst writers? Despite the varied material of his story there has never been a first-class or even a second-class book written about his work or himself. This book is quite erroneously titled, and it is surprising that a publisher should assent to such a misleading description of its contents. The opening essay is mere empty gossip of a brief contact of its author with Wilde. The rest of the book consists of imaginary dialogues that are too puerile for print.

Recommended List:

Log of a U-Boat Commander, *by Ernst Hashagen* **(Putnam. 10s. 6d. net).**—The other side of the U-boat campaign by the commander of *U 62*. Commander Hashagen, who sank a Q-ship, has spoken in London, and this book presents a vivid story of the hazards, terrors and trials of submarine warfare. It is a spirited defence of U-boat tactics.

The Tramp, *by Frank Gray* **(J. M. Dent. 7s. 6d. net).**—Mr. Gray's investigations into the life of the tramp and the casual ward. A most sincere and thorough survey of one aspect of our social legislation.

Mapp and Lucia, *by E. F. Benson* **(Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d. net).**—A new edition for the delight of myriad Mappist. Pepino is no more, but Lucia goes on triumphantly.

The Road, *by Warwick Deeping* **(Cassell. 7s. 6d. net).**—The story of the heroism of Mrs. Birch and her three daughters, hard hit but with that touch of Sorrell that makes them grin. Mr. Deeping still holds the heartstrings.

The Eye of Nemesis, *by Mrs. Philip Champion de Crespigny* **(Cassell. 7s. 6d. net).**—A murder mystery with one of the most delightful detectives that ever came out of Scotland Yard, via the covers of a book. Almost a provocation to murder in order to meet Inspector Marsh.

The Three Fishers, *by Francis Beeding* **(Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d. net).**—Mr. Beeding continues his numerical descent, this time into diplomatic circles and international intrigue. Spies, shadowing, and endless mystery to the penultimate page. Mr. Beeding is a first-class producer.

A *Little-known* ARTIST

Examples of One of the Finest of Minor XVIII Century Painters, "Wright of Derby," A.R.A.

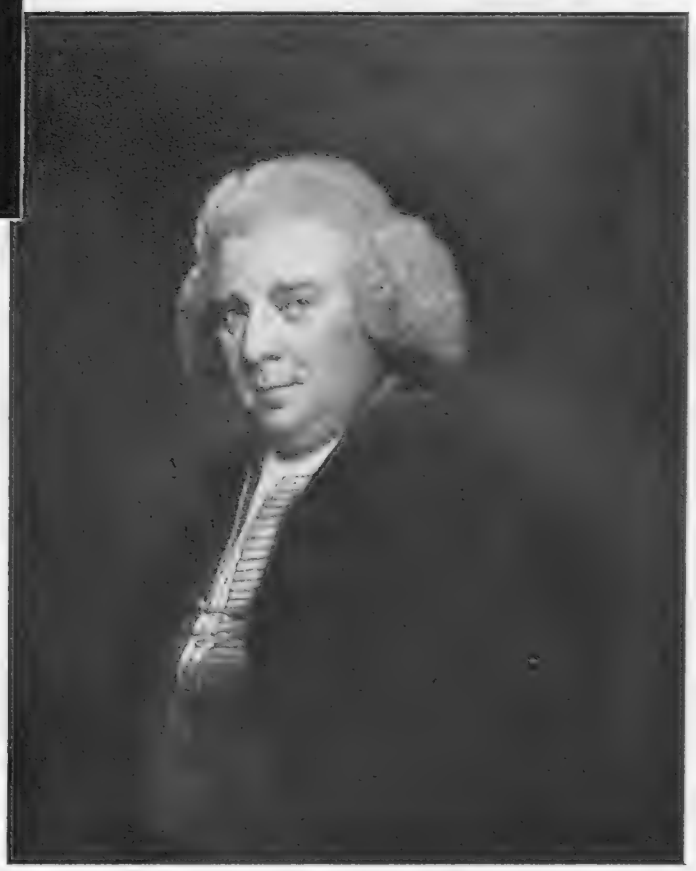
"LANDSCAPE WITH A RAINBOW": "Wright of Derby"—Joseph Wright, A.R.A., a little-known figure of the eighteenth century—he lived from 1734–97—is seen in mellow mood. The canvas has the mild formalism of a tapestry

"CASCADES OF TIVOLI": A study in chalk and wash by Joseph Wright, A.R.A., one of the first artists in history to hold a one-man show. Wright suffered most acutely from artistic sensitivity

"THE ALCHYMIST": The work of Joseph Wright, A.R.A., is here seen in its most notable type. He was known as a "firelight painter" and was also an able portraitist and, after his tour in Italy, landscape artist. He refused the full diploma of the R.A. because he deemed it came too late

Inset — *"SARAH WOOD OF SWANWICK": One of Wright's essays in portraiture. The main reason why he has no great reputation to-day lies in the fact that much of his work is hidden away on the walls of the households for which they were painted*

"THE ORRERY": This like "The Alchymist" seen above on the right, is a very typical example of Joseph Wright's work. The "fire-lighting" is characteristic, as is the preoccupation with science and the realization of the artistic value of the instruments of science. The orrery was an astronomical device of the eighteenth century, used to demonstrate the rotation of planets round the sun and of satellites round their primary. The instrument to-day is held little more than an ingenious toy



Pictures by courtesy of "Artwork" and the Derby Art Gallery

'HUGH WOOD OF SWANWICK": Another example of the all round competence of Wright. His success in his own day was lower than his craftsmanship justifies, yet he was sufficiently popular to paint 139 portraits in one year—and was not a quick worker. A critic remarked that as an historical painter he would by no means put Wright's name where he (Wright) would (i.e. among the first three in the country), but as a landscape painter, he confesses, it would have been a different consideration

COMING OVER: Looking down the line of guns at a partridge drive at Lady Curzon's shoot at Hackwood Park, Basingstoke, Hants

PARTRIDGE FINANCE

The Little Brown Bird brings Hundreds of Thousands of Pounds to British Acres — And Memories Equally Precious to Those Who Follow His Thunderbolt Flight

By J. WENTWORTH DAY

One million, six hundred and eighty-five thousand pounds were set in circulation the other day when partridge shooting commenced. In other words, the partridge is responsible for the annual distribution in this country of that enormous sum—almost the equivalent of the annual payment which Mr. Snowden fought for at The Hague.

Partridge shooting is a great home industry. More people shoot partridges than any other game bird. And even Mr. Lloyd George could not pretend that the partridge does any harm to Parliament. The fact is that he does a great deal of good. If you cut open a partridge and examine the contents of his crop, you will find that he averages a daily diet during February and March of at least 400 vivionidæ—which is a long name for larvae and pupae—plus wire-worms, beetles, and other injurious insects. Also he eats weed seeds.

But above all he distributes money. The astonishing total I have quoted is no mere wild guess at round figures. It has been computed by Mr. Richard Page, who is an authority on these matters, and the figures given may be relied upon as being thoroughly sound. They are worth considering, for at the present day when so many farmers own their own land and cannot make it pay, the value of sporting rights very often means all the difference between profit and loss on the year's work.

To begin with, cartridges account for £175,000 per year, game licences absorb £160,000 a year, gamekeepers take £300,000, annual shooting rentals for estates and farms amount to at least £875,000, while sporting rates on land whose main game-bird product is the partridge, bring the Treasury a direct average of £175,000 a year—an annual total of at least £1,865,000—directly distributed by the small brown bird, who began as the beater said to the rabbit, to "take his fair share in the fun" this month. Add to these figures the cost of guns, beaters, flankers, dogs, cartridge bags, shooting-boots and clothes, and the hundred and one other accessories, and you get an even greater sum put into circulation.

When we consider this very remarkable annual source of revenue, it is astonishing to realize that the bird which contributes so much to the national wealth each year is in serious danger of dying out.

Partridges in Britain are decreasing, and if they decrease the money they distribute will decrease with them. England is in danger of losing her own native game bird—for the pheasant is not a native. He is a foreigner, a native of China and the East, brought to this country from the reedy river swamps of the River Colchis by the Romans. The partridge was here a thousand years before the keels of the Roman galleys ground on the beaches of Britain. And now, after æons of history, the partridge is decreasing almost everywhere in England. Careful analyses and computations over a series of seasons have been carried out in practically every county by responsible authorities, and the results show, without a shadow of doubt, that there are fewer partridges than formerly, and that the decrease is still going on. The causes are various. More grass land and less arable, the break up of large estates, and the consequent increase of vermin, the spreading urbanization of the countryside, and the increase in guns are all to blame.

But mainly the spread of grass land and the break-up of estates are responsible. Partridges cannot find the wire-worms, crane-flies, beetles, and spilt corn in a grass field which a plough or stubble will provide. Yet farmers cannot afford the high costs of labour which arable entails, so each year more plough goes down to grass. And as the grass increases so the partridge vanishes.

The main effect of the break-up of great estates has been the disappearance of the gamekeeper, the multiplication of vermin, and the increase of thoughtless and greedy shooting. The keeper kept an eye on egg-stealers, poachers, rats, cats, rooks, and jays. To-day, in far too many parishes, all these enemies of the partridge have a free hand. The result is that the bird which means wealth to the farmer, revenue to the Treasury, cheap food to the man in the street, and the provision of sport for thousands of shooting men, is in danger, if not of extermination, of at any rate becoming almost a rarity.

The partridge can fly at fifty-three miles an hour, as many a good man behind a gun knows to his mortification—but the day of the partridge is passing. The only thing which can save him will be a return to arable farming and a better appreciation by farmers themselves of the bird's value as a revenue-producing asset.

There is no question of the partridge or any other game bird ever being exterminated by fair shooting. They are too well able to take care of themselves. When one reflects that grouse and pheasants can travel at a mile a minute, that blackcock have been timed to fly at sixty-eight miles an hour, that the teal touches seventy, the wild duck fifty-eight miles an hour, while even the homely wood-pigeon can keep up a steady "touring speed" of forty-five miles an hour, it is obvious that, provided birds are shot under fair sporting conditions, they will always hold their own. But to-day, the economic crisis which has thrown good corn lands out of cultivation and sent hundreds of farmers into bankruptcy, has reacted even on the bird which is as old as England.

I think that those of us who shoot owe to the partridge some of the best in our calendar of memories of the English year. True there are counties like Devon and Hereford, Leicester, and parts of Northamptonshire, grass countries full of big fields and fat oxen, where the partridge is comparatively a rarity. But take him by and large, he of all birds represents the mellow, sunlit peace of an English Indian summer.

Think of partridges and you think of spreading stubble fields, running bold and bare to the high contours of the hills; of valleys blue with the first mystery of September mists; of hedges blushing to the first faint kiss of gold; of hips and haws reddening on the bushes, or perhaps of those big, bold, fir-fringed fields of Cheveley and Dullingham, the greatest partridge country in England, where you may stand on a slope on the warm lee-side of a belt of resin-smelling firs, and see below you in the plain, the blue smoke, the red roofs, and the white walls of Newmarket.

There are strings of horses shining in the sun out on the far gallops, their coats glinting like sudden jewels. There is a kestrel in the blue above you, a goldfinch swinging on a thistle-head, a pigeon murmurous in a fir, mice moving stealthily in the ditch bottom, and on all the air the silence of an English September afternoon, quickened by an undertone of singing birds.

Then, over the shoulder of the down that drops away in a long sweep to Newmarket and its thudding hoofs, there comes the sudden vision of a flanker's red flag, the high thin note of a whistle and you know that business has begun. The line advances, your neighbour stiffens, another whistle, a sudden fleeting vision of black cannon balls shooting straight for your head, a flick and whir of wings, that sudden bomb-shell rush overhead—and they are up and over. You fire and fire again, change guns, swing round, drop the laggard of the lot—and realize that for four barrels you have only one bird down, and he shot at the wrong end.

Or perhaps, better still, and this is of the things we like to remember, you took a leading bird as he swung up and over you, held miles and miles in front, pulled, and in the sudden sub-conscious flick of a second, saw him halt, wings extended in mid-air, and as suddenly plunge earthwards in a cloud of floating feathers. And even before he struck earth, you had followed on and killed another at right angles and then, with a lightning change, put in those last two barrels which, if you are a second de Grey, will mean two more.

This is the cream of the thing, and no one put it into better English than Archibald Stuart-Wortley. But Stuart-Wortley and his age alike are dead. Such great days on these old classic manors are, in these present times, too often the privilege of the man with the purse rather than the man whose lands they are, or were.

But whether you have money or not the partridge gives equal sport. I like to remember those days, walking at home through a sea of flat, green, glistening mangold leaves, with a farmer friend of the fine old sort, buskined, breeched, Westbury hat, leather-patched coat, and a gun of the long-barrelled hammer sort that was built before the days of smokeless powder. Ahead of us, through the roots, ranged Cheero and Fan—Cheero, the wild, red, Irish setter, who chased and raced as recklessly as though he were hunting the last grouse in Galway, Cheero the victim of threats and curses, long and lithe like a racehorse, the bane of our existence but the provider of half the unlawful fun. And nearer, at a proper and a decorous distance, ranged Fan, fat, comfortable and liver-and-white, just the sort of waddling spaniel that a fine old Englishman in buskins should possess.

I do not recollect that we ever got much, but we saw the far silver roofs, the great fairy-like tower of Ely Cathedral standing up like a palace of the plain at the end of our gun barrels; we saw the peewits wheeling black and white against the green of the river marshes; we smelt the scent of field-fires and hedge-burnings, saw the yellow sweeps of mustard, the jet black of ploughed peat, the slumbrous peace of dyke-side willows marching like a frieze across the fens, and heard the drone of a threshing-machine at a distant farm, that monotone of sound that means an English autumn.

We all have our partridge memories in different corners of the land, from the stone-walled fields of Galloway to the "brecks" of Norfolk, the sheep-dotted downs of Hampshire, and the hop-poles and red oast-tops of Kent. They are precious memories and I think that, but for the partridge, most of us would have missed their realities.

PARTRIDGE MEMORIES: "You took a leading bird as he swung up and over you, held miles and miles in front, pulled . . . and saw him plunge earthwards in a cloud of floating feathers"

ENGLAND *in* SEPTEMBER

The Latest Pictures from the Provinces

"BETTER'N THEY NEW WAYS"! The long abandoned bagging-hook or sickle has come into its own this harvest time, for the rain has caused the grain to "lie" so badly that modern machinery cannot touch it and recourse has of necessity been had to this primitive instrument and its concomitant the small one-toothed rake — to the joy of the intensely conservative gaffers of the village inns

BRONCO-BUSTING IN ENGLAND: Yelverton enjoyed something of a Rodeo a day or two ago. Wild Dartmoor ponies were ridden in competition and the horseman who remained on his mount for the longest time won. The vast majority of competitors needed a stop-watch recording tenths of a second to time the fractional periods they remained up

ON THE TWEED: Lady Jane Egerton at Lord Ellesmere's house party at Mertoun, St. Boswell's, Roxburgh. Salmon fishing from a boat is in order on loch or big river and one is rowed up the loch to drift down with the wind, casting as one goes. To fish sitting from a boat is recommended, but is extremely difficult

FIGHTING A PISCINE FOE: Field-Marshal Lord Allenby fishing in the Corner Pool of Lower Stanley beat of the River Tay, near Stanley, Perthshire. The hero of Palestine (whose entry into Jerusalem in 1918 will ever be remembered as the epitome of English delicacy) is an ardent fisherman and is a regular visitor to the Tay

LUNCH ALFRESCO at the shooting party held at Glendoe, Inverness-shire, by Mr. Charles Hambro, the distinguished financier, of Hambro's Bank and the Mercantile Bank of India, and Mrs. Hambro. Above, Mr. D'Abo, Mr. Martin-Smith, the amateur golf champion, and M. Fould, brother of the French Under-Secretary for Agriculture, are seen with their host and hostess

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

A PARADISE *for* YOUNG COUPLES

By B. S. TOWNROE

To breed a better race is the purpose of a housing scheme which is proving to be a great success at Strasbourg in Alsace.

During a recent visit there I had a talk with M. Alfred Dachert, who has been the inspiration of the scheme, and he told me that he was largely influenced by reading Darwin's *Origin of Species* as a young man. He was at that time manager of a small sweet factory which has grown enormously during the last thirty years. During the War, this factory sold so many sweets and other delicacies to German soldiers that their profits were increased by 2,400,000 gold marks. The company decided to build a eugenic *cité* where families could live under the pleasantest conditions.

M. Dachert retired from business after the War and first came to England in order to visit Port Sunlight, Bournville, and other garden cities. He then went to Java and China, for he is convinced that ancestor-worship has a close relation to helping forward a healthier future generation. He there studied the oldest garden city in the world—the Manchu town of Peking, and also the remarkable garden city of Batavia in Java.

On his return to Alsace the municipality placed at his disposal a site on which over 140 houses have now been built. Each house has been specially planned to enable a young wife with children to avoid all unnecessary strain or labour, and is designed on the assumption that she cannot afford the help of a servant.

All the rooms are on one floor. The dining-room and kitchen are combined so that dishes can be passed directly from the stove or oven on to the dining-table. Next door is a room which is a scullery, laundry, and bathroom. Water is laid on in all the bedrooms. Milk, bread, meat, and groceries are regularly delivered, so that the wife is spared tiring shopping expeditions. There is also a day-nursery where babies can be left.

M. Dachert thus described how the tenants are chosen for this paradise for young married couples:

EVERY HOUSE A BUNGALOW: Typical houses in the Jardins Ungemach. The attics can be used as bedrooms should the family increase. Above, on left, *is a corner of the average bedroom, in all of which running water is provided*

THE PARADISE OF YOUTH: A group of children in the garden city where the birth rate is over 100 per cent. and the health rate 1,000 per cent. greater than in the neighbouring town

"We must find young couples, in the best of health, comely and vigorous, and who really want children. Consequently, I established a system of selection by four stages:

"The candidate begins by filling up a form which contains a series of questions about his age and state of health. Marks are given according to the answers, and the applications are classified according to the total marks obtained. I myself then interview the families obtaining the highest marks. Next, I get to know them and amplify their previous replies, and thereafter a committee visits them at home, in order to see them in their normal surroundings and to find out their mode of life and the tidiness and decency of their homes. When the choice has been finally made, we ask for a medical certificate from both husband and wife, so that we may have the fullest assurance of their soundness." He was frank on the question of the eviction of tenants, in cases where a baby fails to appear. He said that this had been necessary in only nine cases since the *cité* was established seven years ago.

The following figures show the actual results:

BIRTHS PER 1,000 LIVING

Year	Town of Strasbourg	Garden City
1927	16·35	39·69
1928	16·80	35·15
1929	15·80	37·16

The place has many other advantages. Up to the present there have been no epidemics of fever, and tuberculosis, which is such a terrible scourge in France, inflicts only a slight toll. It is said that drunkenness is completely unknown and that the police have never been called in at all.

Each house costs about £666 to build, and is let at about £20 a year. It is not surprising that under such circumstances the tenants pay their rents very regularly, and only in one case in seven years has a rate-collector failed to be paid.

The committee, which visits the young couples before they are selected as tenants, subsequently makes an annual visit to the Garden City, and marks are given on the same standard for tidiness and cleanliness. It is found that there is an average rise of 1·3 per cent. in the interior condition of the houses, and in almost every family many signs of a better standard of living are observed.

As soon as a family exceeds a certain number they are encouraged to go elsewhere, or to build their own house, so as to leave free accommodation for younger couples who are less well off.

MICHAELMAS — II

Last Week We Dealt with Preliminary Vetting of a House. To-day We are in the Empty Rooms

By One Who Has Moved

The house is yours. You have secured the right of entry for yourself and your builder's workmen. A wave of great elation passes over your whole being—an emotion akin to the feelings of one of those marvellous animals which shed their entire outer appearance from time to time. You, too, are to occupy a new shell. But the change doesn't come all at once or, indeed, with any degree of swiftness whatever. The change takes place like a slow-motion picture without the grace. You have, however, said good-bye to the old home. The awful discoloration of walls and painted woodwork—how could one have lived with it for so long? At any rate, the new house shall be clean.

For a time your mind has been full of glowing schemes—you have bought every magazine and newspaper giving hints on interior decoration—and armed with your notes and cuttings you have visited the new house; it is not a home yet. And there are moments when you don't think it ever will be. If you are wise you provide yourself with a really efficient measure or indeed several types of measuring machines—a yard long rod is very useful—for the measurements you will take are legion. I can see you in the falling dusk, leaning, very tired indeed, against the dusty old mantelshelf, trying to read your own figures. To-morrow, again if you are wise, you will bring any kind of cheap camp stool upon which to sit and a stiff card on which one can write. There is absolutely nothing in an empty house on which to sit or rest anything

The yard measure can at this stage be an instrument of exquisite torture. The favourite walnut tallboy will not go into that ideal recess by inches on each side—a whole scheme is jeopardized. A night is spent in mental rearrangement. The next day you acquiesce in a compromise.

The fireplaces, which have momentarily been lying low, leap out at you! "My dear, we can't possibly keep that Victorian waiting-room affair. It must go!" "It's not in the estimate," one is reminded. Again you compromise—and a very effective one it is—simply a sheet of coloured asbestos or three-ply wood fitted all over the gaping semi-circular terror. At once your fireplace looks more rectilinear and your little gas or electric stove sits comfortably in front.

All the time you are thinking these things out, the house has been full of strange, echoing noises—all coming from next door, but some of them have made you start. As you walk to and fro with a pattern in your hand I see you pause, look at the floor, and raise your foot. Yes, a very squeaky board. In fact the whole room seems full of them. Again, if you are wise you will make a note of this for the builder, for the squeaky board can prove a horrid nuisance if it is not met at once and dispersed with a few nails or screws.

Things to take with you into the empty house:

(a) Several tape measures and yard measure rods

(b) A campstool and something hard upon which to write

(c) Paper colour tints

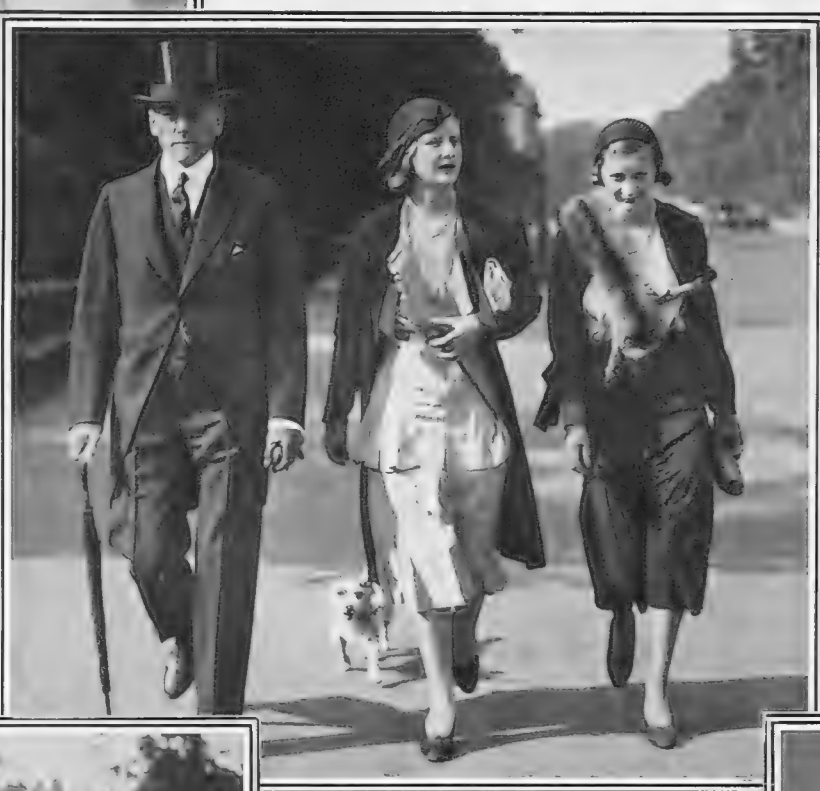
(d) An electric torch

(e) And heaps of patience so that you can take the same measurements again and again with equanimity

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

MISS DOROTHY GILL, who has been chosen by Mr. Rupert D'Oyly Carte to fill the gap caused by the unhappy death in a motor smash of Miss Bertha Lewis some months ago. Miss Gill is familiar with the contralto rôles, having played them with the new company and with the J. C. Williamson season in Australia—in both of which she made a distinct success. She also enhanced her reputation as Lucy Lockett in The Beggar's Opera *in London and Paris, and has a great deal of concert experience. Miss Gill joined the company at Bristol last Monday and will be seen at Golders Green for the last three weeks of November*

"JOHNNY" IN JAPAN: Miss Amy Johnson, whose flight to Tokio created a furore of enthusiasm in Japan, was entertained with her mechanic, Mr. Humphrey, at an informal Japanese tea-party by General Nagaoka (right) at his private house. Miss Johnson and Mr. Humphrey are seen above in Japanese dress. General Nagaoka is the President of the Japanese Aeronautical Society. Madame Nagaoka is seen on the left; Mr. Ash, an American pilot, in the centre



OF THE HOUSE OF CHAMBERLAIN: Sir Austen Chamberlain with his daughter, Miss Diana Chamberlain, and (right) his niece-by-marriage, Miss Dundas, glimpsed in Hyde Park

Mabel Robey

AN ENGLISH STAR: Miss Sunday Wilshin, who has just finished work in the talkie version of the Compton Mackenzie novel, Carnival, *directed by Anthony Asquith. She is now working on* Michael and Mary

THE GIRLS' GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP: Miss Mervyn Barton and her sister, Miss Pamela Barton, outside the Club House at Stoke Poges over the famous links of which this event—productive, be it said, of amazingly good golf—is held. There is many a golfer who would be beaten by some of these school-girls

Hughes

A TRANSLATOR TURNED AUTHOR: Mrs. Willa Muir, who, with her husband, Mr. Edwin Muir, has translated many books, notably Jew Süss. *Mrs. Muir has just published her first novel,* Imagined Corners (Secker)—*a story laid in a small Scottish town*

REPRESENTING SCOTLAND: Miss Jessie McVey of Edinburgh, the holder of the 50 yds. and the 200 yds. East of Scotland Swimming Championships, is here seen during practice at North Berwick before taking part in the International speed swimming contests at Rhyl, North Wales. Miss McVey swam in the 150 yds. back stroke race

"THE PLAY'S THE THING"

COSTUMES BY AIR MAIL: Miss Gertrude Lawrence, who plays the lead in Take Two from One *at the Haymarket, received her dresses by Molyneux from Paris by Air Mail*

Mabel Robey

AMERICA BOUND: Miss Adrienne Allen (Mrs. Raymond Massey) in a modish modern toilette is en route *to the States with her husband, who is to play* Hamlet

BY PHILIP PAGE

Revolving Realism.

Some people are finding the revolving stage fashion a heady sort of wine. Whatever revolving stages do or do not do, they are affecting the general sense of proportion to an extent that I find startling. Whether the pother they are causing is hardly balanced by their actual importance in the theatrical scheme of things is a matter of opinion. It is a matter of fact, however, that they are not new and that they have suddenly come to the fore again in order to help the theatre to do what it obviously can not do and what it is not its province to do—to compete with the cinema.

I read the other day a headline which made me rub my eyes. It was to the effect that the three-act play is doomed. The revolving stage, it is said, is killing it. It would be just as sensible to say that comedy is doomed or tragedy is doomed or that we shall hear no more music in the theatre because someone has invented a new form of limelight. I do not put the three-act play among the immutable things of the art of the theatre, though long experience has shown that this is a useful and sensible form; it is obvious that during an evening's entertainment there must be intervals, and two intervals happen to be a convenient number. The three-act play-scheme may, of course, be modified. But if so, it will not be the revolving stage which will modify it. Indeed, the actual effect of this device on the theatre generally is, and always will be, negligible.

The reason why we are hearing so much of the revolving stage just now is simply because it has been associated with successes. It is therefore argued, quite erroneously, that it has caused three successes. That is a point I dispute emphatically. *White Horse Inn* is appealing to the public because it is a mass production on rather novel lines, because it has heaps of pretty dresses, some good scenery, attractive music, and a welcome air of speed and efficiency. No doubt the revolving stage at the Coliseum (where, incidentally, it has existed for years and years) comes in useful. But it has had not much more to do with the Coliseum's busy box-office than has Sir Oswald Stoll's top-hat.

Waltzes from Vienna, again, relies on romance, good scenery, and costumes, some clever performers, and on Johann Strauss's music, which is about 300 per cent. better than the music of *White Horse Inn*. That right at the end of it some revolving mechanical contrivance, installed at vast expense, hoicks the orchestra up from its natural and proper position and trundles it across the stage, to finish up at the back-wall, is perfectly true. This wins a gasp of astonishment and some applause, though I venture the opinion that it is a silly and unnecessary episode, and a rather vulgar one. But even if this movable orchestra is all that certain folk acclaim it to be, can it be put forward as a serious proposition that it has caused the success of this play, or that it is likely to cause the doom of any play that does not adopt this or some similar device? For one thing, this strange spectacle comes far too late in the evening to save disaster, had disaster been a possibility.

As to the Adelphi the revolving stage was used in one scene in *Ever Green*—the fair at Neuilly. Quite an effective scene, I grant. But not essential. *Grand Hotel* could not, of course, have been produced in the highly efficient way it has been produced without some such contraption. But it is not this aspect of *Grand Hotel* that is likely to give it a long run. Let us have speed by all means. Long intervals are annoying; but so are short ones if there are too many of them, and it is the revolving stage which, in a mistaken attempt to make the theatre do what the cinema does, tends to chop up a play into innumerable little episodes, produces slowness instead of speed, and thus defeats its own object.

I do not want to give any impression that I am opposed to revolving stages as such. They can be handy accessories. They provide work (even when they themselves don't). They afford excellent excuses for delaying new productions. But they are the servants of the theatre and not the masters, as the present tendency is to regard them. The theatre must work out its own salvation on its own lines, just as the cinema must. It will not be the revolving stage that will dictate those lines, however much it is at present being trumped up into a false importance—a position which could never have arisen had *White Horse Inn*, *Waltzes from Vienna*, and *Ever Green* run only a fortnight. To imagine that Mr. Somerset Maugham, Mr. Frederick Lonsdale, Mr. John Van Druten, Mr. Noel Coward, Mr. John Galsworthy, Mr. Bernard Shaw, and Mr. Rudolf Besier will in the near future be wholly debarred from writing three-act plays, or that if they do write them, those plays will inevitably be failures simply because the stages on which they are produced do not turn round and round, is ludicrous. As I have ventured to point out before, a fixed stage was good enough for the great dramatists and the great actors of the past. It is true that they did not have the cinema as a rival attraction. Even if they had they would not, I imagine, have been so foolish as to employ mechanical contrivances with a view to competing with it.

Such contrivances are a help only to realism, and realism ceased to be a trump card for the theatrical producer to play the moment the first efficient film was seen. Why trouble in some spectacular drama to build up two stage ships to collide, more or less satisfactorily (and probably less) when the film director simply gets two real ships to collide in a real sea? I thought that the hotel scene in *Grand Hotel*, with its telephone boxes, its ascending and descending lifts, its page boys, newspaper stall, revolving door, and so forth, extremely ingenious and praiseworthy. But I also thought that anyone respectably clad and sober could have crossed the Strand and seen that identical picture at the Savoy Hotel for nothing.

In the course of a week wholly devoid of new theatrical productions—the calm before the storm—I visited some music-halls, and enjoyed what are now termed "the old-timers." It is no mere fad of the *laudator temporis acti* to applaud and enjoy such performers as Mr. Gus Elen, Mr. Harry Champion, Miss Vesta Victoria, and Mr. Fred Russell: nothing these artistes resent so much, and rightly resent, as to be regarded as mysterious curiosities of another age, and therefore as something perilously near "museum pieces." They are nothing of the sort. The only mystery connected with them is that they should ever have been allowed temporarily to vanish from the music-hall stage at a time when the old-fashioned music-hall was supposed to be moribund because of the dearth of talent.

The merit of the "old-timers" (who are not by any means so very old in years and who show no sign of age in their performance) is not only that they can hold an audience with the wink of an eye or the uplift of a little finger, like Mr. George Robey or Miss Sophie Tucker. It is that they have good songs to sing and know how to get the last ounce out of those songs. And that requires both personality and brains.

"Like us? Of course the public like us," one of them (not in the above list) said to me. "*They like us because we are clever.*"

You can't bamboozle a modern music-hall audience, and the young people of to-day, brought up on a different type of entertainment, take a deuce of a lot of pleasing. I looked round the Palladium and noticed that about two-thirds of the audience had not been born when these singers had made their name. Yet they seemed to know the songs. They joined in the choruses and obviously enjoyed themselves immensely. There was nothing forced or polite about their enthusiasm. And the songs that have lived were English songs. Not particularly profound, of course. But compared with the ephemeral nonsense which America still continues to pour in upon us these ditties are masterpieces of deep thought and coruscating wit. It is good to know that good sense and sane rhythm still have an appeal.

"Jimmy" Glover.

He was a famous figure in the world of the London theatre for nearly half-a-century, and that is, I believe, the epitaph "Jimmy" Glover would have chosen. He often said he hated the theatre. Of course he did nothing of the sort. He loved it. He loved the limelight, and work and squabbles and telling long stories about figures of the 'eighties and 'nineties. In the last few years he was not quite so much in the public eye, and he felt it keenly. It made him rather bitter—and he always had a tendency to be bitter. "Jimmy's" nature was not in itself bitter, and his *bonhomie* was far more real than some of his enemies would give him credit for. But he had an Irishman's love of a row, and he was fond of "trailing his coat-tails." This made him a "character," and men in the theatrical and Bohemian world of outstanding personality and real wit are not so frequent to-day for the loss of "Jimmy" Glover not to be regarded as a very real one.

A REVIVAL OF DISTINCTION: Sir Barry Jackson's Malvern Festival production of Sheridan's A Trip to Scarborough, *opened this week at the St. James's. Above are seen Miss Gillian Lind as Amanda; Mr. Ernest Thesiger as Lord Foppington; Miss Frances Carson as Berinthia and Mr. Robert Donatz as Loveless. Foppington and Loveless cross swords to conventional feminine dismay*

LONDON
WHERE ABDULLAS COME FROM

THE LONDON GUIDE

SPORTS AND GAMES

London provides, for the earnest seeker after pleasure, a large variety of Sports and Games, ranging from football on the one hand to football on the other.

There is also football (known as the sport of the masses, from the fact that 22 people take part while 60,000 look on).

Then again there is Rugby football, where the stripes go across instead of downwards (and there may be other minor differences as well, one of which is depicted above).

Other London sports and games include flat racing at Epsom, steeplechasing at Aintree, rowing at Henley, fishing in Scotland, winter sports in Switzerland, and the care of the skin at Juan-les-Pins, as also listening on the wireless to boxing matches in the States, and reading the papers about cricket in South Africa or Australia.

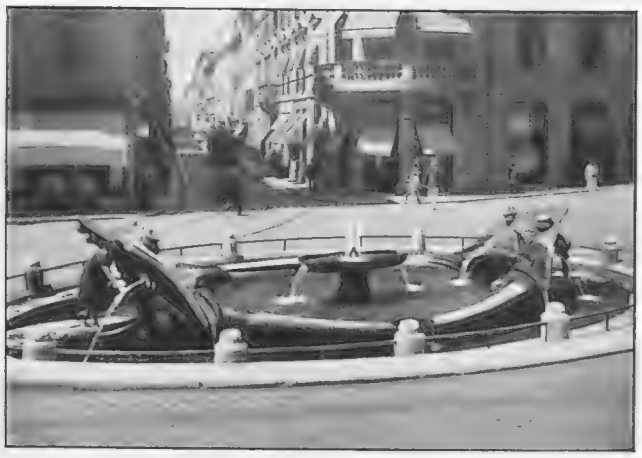
And, lastly, there's a sort of game called Golf, which, alas, gets itself a great deal talked about in the City—this City of London, where as of course you know, ABDULLA CIGARETTES come from.

FOUGASSE

VIRGINIA TURKISH EGYPTIAN

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

FOUNTAINS *of Old* ROME



THE FOUNTAIN OF THE GALLEY: The form of this fountain recalls the work done on Lake Nemi in the last two years

THE FOUNTAIN OF THE BEES: An unusual form of fountain, executed by the brilliance of Bernini, which is to be found in the Piazza Barberini

THE FOUNTAIN OF JULIUS II: This dates back to the earliest sixteenth century, and commemorates a patron of the arts whose papacy was largely devoted to political and military enterprise rather than to things ecclesiastical

THE SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU

Readers are reminded that "The Sphere" Travel Bureau is always at their disposal to help them to choose a suitable holiday for any time of the year. This bureau will readily provide details of fares, routes, hotels, and resorts in all parts of the World by return of post. Each request has personal care and attention, and the advice given is entirely unbiased. All requests are answered free; 3d. in stamps is required to cover postage of booklets, etc. Address your inquiry to: "THE SPHERE" Travel Bureau, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2

"WHEN KRONOS WAS KING IN THE SKY": The Temple of Saturn in the Forum. The old Greek myth of Kronos and the Golden Age is identified with Saturn, the Roman deity of agriculture

ROME *in* OCTOBER — ROME *at its* BEST

An Autumn Holiday in Italy Gives One Two Additional Months of Real Summer

The people who have arranged to take their holiday in the autumn have been wise and lucky this year. The almost invariable answer to the question, "Have you had a good summer holiday?" is "It was spoilt by the weather." But quite apart from the misfortunes of this summer, an autumn holiday in Italy is always a delight. It gives you an extra month or two of summer. Especially in Rome where October is the best month of all.

Sooner or later everyone who goes out of England for a holiday goes to Rome. And it is very right and proper that we should go to Rome, the one-time centre of the world. All European history and civilization has been influenced by Rome, and it is a Mecca for archæologists, lovers of art, classicists, indeed for every traveller who is interested in mankind.

Signor Mussolini has created a new Italy, but he is also recreating the old Rome. After the fall of the Roman Empire, the great villas, temples, and forums of the Emperors fell into decay and were gradually covered over with rubbish or newer buildings. During the period of the Renaissance, a few of the buildings in the Forum were partly unearthed, but the interest in them was not sufficient for proper excavations to be carried out.

It was not until the nineteenth century that excavations began in earnest, and, bit by bit, temples, lovely fluted columns, reliefs, wall paintings, all the surroundings of the great Roman Emperors began to be disclosed. Mussolini, realizing the value of the great and long history of Rome, has encouraged these excavations and in recent years a great deal has been done. There is far more to be seen in Rome now than there was ten years ago. The Temple of Vesta in the Forum, for instance, is being reconstructed as much as possible. A bas-relief of it fortunately exists in Florence so that its original appearance is known. Various fragments of the temple have been discovered scattered round the forum and these have been re-instated. Excavations are taking place all round the Forum, and many buildings have been discovered—some of which have not yet been identified.

On the Capitol, the Tarpeian Rock, from which traitors were hurled to their death, has been cleared of the houses which hid it, and during this work other Roman buildings have been found.

The Ministry of Fine Arts has been working in a similar manner all over Rome, disclosing more and more of the buildings of the Roman Emperors. The Forum of Augustus has been cleared, and this led to the disclosure of the Forum of Nerva. The Arch of Janus, which, a few years ago was only half above ground and partly obscured by houses, now stands quite free and at its full height, for the ground has been dug down to the original level. The Temple of Fortuna Virilis has been treated in the same way.

There are so many things to be seen in Rome that if one tries to see everything one merely becomes exhausted and comes away with a mind chaotic with statues, arches, pillars, baths, catacombs, and churches. It takes a great many months to really see and know Rome. "Surtout point de zèle" is the motto to take with one to Rome. It is a fascinating city, and one cannot help exploring and wanting to know more and see more. But fortunately Rome has theatres, cinemas, dances, and other similar amusements to offer. Variety is stimulating, and Rome has plenty of variety.

A holiday in Rome need not be expensive. There are quite good hotels where one can live *en pension* for 10s. a day. The *de luxe* hotels are, of course, dearer.

There are several different routes by which one may travel to Rome. The Calais–Mont Cenis route costs £16 15. 8d. 1st class return, and £11 16s. 6d. 2nd class return. The Dieppe–Simplon or St. Gothard is about the same. The Calais–Simplon and Ostend–St. Gothard routes are both £18 odd first return and £12 odd second return. The cheapest route is by Dieppe or Havre and the Mont Cenis, £15 3s. 7d. 1st class return, and £10 11s. 6d. 2nd class return.

M. I. Batten.

"THE GRANDEUR THAT WAS ROME": A new view of the Forum looking towards the Victor Emmanuel Monument

WINTER TRAVEL *versus* DEPRESSION

With the continued prevalence of depression—*both economic and climatic*—any thought of Winter Travel this year presents a problem. On one hand, costs are an imperative consideration. On the other, full health-value in return for the outlay of time and money must be obtained.

Under such conditions what are the essential requirements of a Winter Holiday this year? Firstly, an atmosphere of restfulness, with sunshine in plenty as a reviving and invigorating influence; secondly, a total change of environment as a stimulus to fresh endeavour and new optimism. "Radiant Tours," organised by the South African Government Railways and the Shipping Companies, have kept those main objects of Winter Travel in view—a glorious sea voyage and a complete holiday change in the temperate sunshine of South Africa *at reasonable cost.*

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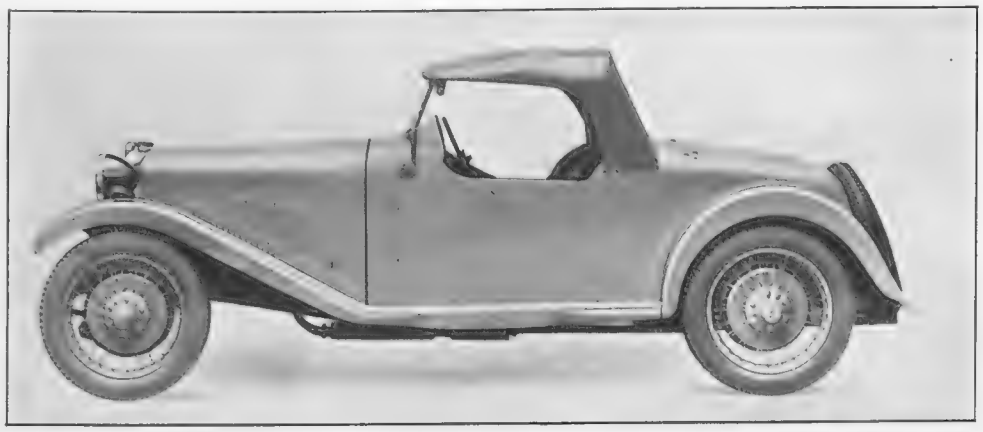
The PETROL World

By A. Percy Bradley

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands; Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere")

THE EXTRA 2d.—Motorists always seem to be fair game for any Chancellor of the Exchequer who wants to find some extra money. Mr. Snowden since he has been in office has certainly been no exception, but in view of what we were told before the Budget statement was made we motorists must be thankful for small mercies when we find that petrol has only had a further tax of 2d. a gallon added instead of the 6d. a gallon with which we were threatened. I do not think that car owners will really mind this extra impost at such a critical time, but in view of the more important matter of balancing our trade it is certainly surprising that Mr. Snowden has saddled the whole industry of the country with this extra 2d. a gallon on its transport charges. Still I am ready to allow that the experts must know the business of the nation better than I do, and so I must presume that it is all for the best.

Some time ago I warned motorists in these columns to beware of inferior brands of petrol which were composed of a certain proportion of what I will call in general terms, paraffin. One or two communications reached me after my remarks and were published disputing the facts, but I find that I have confirmation of my statement in the following words which the Chancellor used when introducing his recent Budget proposals: "Before I leave this matter of oil I must mention that the resolution requires that heavy oil on which a rebate has been allowed shall not be mixed with dutiable light oil unless the rebate is repaid. This is necessary to safeguard the revenue owing to the growing practice of mixing kerosene and kerosene distillate with petrol in order to obtain a motor fuel on which duty has been paid on a portion only." My warning is, therefore, all the more important, and I would certainly advise every motorist to replenish his tank with only one or other of the well-known old-established brands.



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THE SILVER EAGLE: An Alvis six-light coach-built saloon whose sparkling performance is combined with luxurious and effortless travel

FALSE ECONOMY.—As yet the Government has given the public no lead on the general lines they should pursue in its daily life with a view to economy. I sincerely hope that some announcement will be made because already banquets are being cancelled and I can foresee motorists deciding that they will not buy a new motor car, arguing to themselves that this is a time for economy all round. I do not pretend to understand the complications of national or international finance, but it seems fairly obvious to me that economies in the directions I have indicated are apt to make the affairs of the nation much worse than they are at the moment. Let me illustrate my argument. Supposing every club, society or body of individuals who have made, or who will make in the ordinary course of events, arrangements with, say, the Connaught Rooms for a banquet were to follow the example of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders and cancel or abandon their proposed banquet, the whole army of waiters and officials of this well-known banqueting house would be out of employment. In addition, less electric light, gas and food, etc., would be required, and this again would cause a certain amount of unemployment in the trades concerned. I can understand a banquet being cancelled by a club because they may consider that their members who have to buy tickets for themselves and their friends would not now be able to afford them. Again, if every one of us were to decide that our present car would have to carry us through 1932 no new cars would be sold, and the entire motor trade or rather the manufacturers' section of it would simply have to close down and throw hundreds of thousands of workpeople on the dole. So far as my feeble understanding of the position at the moment tells me, we should all buy new cars if we can afford them and not just economize because it is a fashion. I can quite see that the money we spend on food or on any commodity

(Continued on p. 442)

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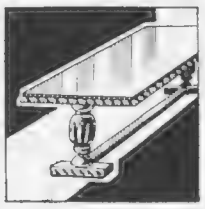

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The PETROL World (cont.)

should not find its way abroad, and therefore, so long as we support home industries, I feel certain our duty is to keep on buying provided our purses are still sufficiently large for the purpose.

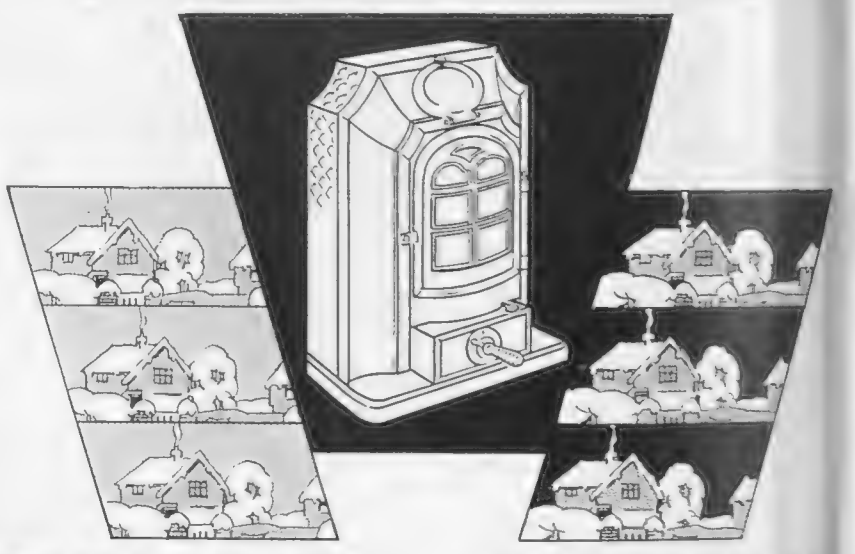
"THIS MOTORING."—If any car owner happens to see on a book-stall a book entitled *This Motoring*, I would strongly advise him to buy a copy on the spot. The title may not convey much to the prospective purchaser, but if he acts on my advice he will agree with me that it is the only uninteresting part of this publication. The book is by Mr. Stenson Cooke, the secretary of the Automobile Association and, in reality, it is his life story coupled with the history of the world's largest motoring organization. Stenson Cooke has been the secretary of the A.A. from the day it started to move and have its being. It started in a storm, for many years it was the centre of a hurricane, but thanks to its enterprizing, energetic, and enthusiastic secretary it has steadily moved into calm waters and into what we know it to-day. Life stories and histories are usually dull and stodgy, but Stenson Cooke's book is bright and interesting. Those of his friends who have heard him speak in public know that he utters his remarks in short, staccato sentences. Even if his voice were disguised and he were put behind a screen so as to be invisible, his words would be at once distinguishable as coming only from him. This book is written in just the way that he would talk, and it therefore arrests the reader's attention, for the style is easy, natural, and pleasant. Ninety-five per cent. of present-day motorists are quite ignorant of the excitement and the troubles, both mechanical and legal, which were the lot of the motoring pioneers. This book draws a very vivid picture of their trials and tribulations and, in so doing, shows the new motorist how it was that the Automobile Association had its birth. The whole reason for starting the A.A. was to fight the police on the Brighton Road. To-day such an object seems grotesque, but in 1905 police persecution was something very real, and as the reader of this book goes from chapter to chapter he soon realizes that the fight put up by the A.A. was primarily responsible for the comparatively pleasant atmosphere in which we can enjoy motoring on the road to-day. The reader will also learn that the A.A., whose motto has always been "Lead, not follow," was responsible for erecting the first petrol pump in this country. Nowadays, with pumps every few hundred yards, it is difficult to realize what a terrific break from the ordinary custom then prevailing in garages was made when the A.A. decided on this innovation. There are hundreds of other interesting pieces of information in this book which is thoroughly readable from cover to cover, and I would suggest that every car-owner should procure a copy as soon as possible.

THE YOUNG MAN IN INDUSTRY: Mr. W. E. Bullock, junior, son of the Managing Director of the Singer Company. He is in charge of the Birmingham works of this well-known organization and solely responsible for the output of the Singer Tens and Juniors

A HELPFUL BROCHURE.—Whilst talking of the Automobile Association I would like to make it known that they have recently issued a booklet which contains information of the garage accommodation available near selected railway stations encircling greater London. Motorists who work in the great metropolis have learnt that it is quicker and more convenient when their place of residence is some distance out to use their car every day from their house to a convenient railway station on the outskirts and then continue their journey by train. This new booklet will certainly be of great assistance to such City workers, and they should, therefore, apply to the Automobile Association, Fanum House, New Coventry Street, London, W.1, or from any A.A. office for a copy.

THE ALVIS PROGRAMME.—I have just received particulars of the Alvis policy for 1932. This well-known company has never stood for drastic alterations in design or price-cutting at intermittently short periods, the reason being that their cars are always kept in the forefront in matters of design. The Alvis is not a mass-produced vehicle, and therefore the company are always able to incorporate improvements just as and when they are brought to perfection. They have not to wait until the allotted quota for the works has been turned out before an alteration can be economically effected. For the coming season four models will be listed, and these to-day have all been well tested and are actually in production. They are known as the 12–50, the 12–60 Sports model, the 16-h.p. Silver Eagle, and the 20-h.p. Silver Eagle. The prices of Alvis cars range from £395 to £795.

RILEY RECORDS.—Still further three-figure records have been achieved in a light car. At Montlhéry, on Wednesday last week, an unsupercharged Riley 9, in the hands of Mr. G. E. T. Eyston and Mr. A. Denly, broke no fewer than four international records in class G at speeds which averaged over 104 m.p.h. The following are the records secured: 200 miles, 104·19 m.p.h.; 500 kilometres, 104·08 m.p.h.; three hours, 104·08 m.p.h.; 500 miles, 104·07 m.p.h. A feature of the attempt was the remarkable consistency of the car's performance. Lubricated with Wakefield Castrol oil it maintained the same average speed to within a decimal point throughout the entire run. Mr. Eyston narrowly escaped disaster. During one of his spells at the wheel, when he was driving "all out," a motor-cycle crashed into another car just ahead of him. In his attempts to steer clear of the wreckage, Mr. Eyston skidded wildly, and for a moment the Riley was out of control. Fortunately, however, disaster was avoided—but only by a matter of inches.



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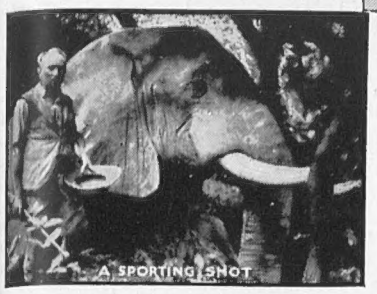

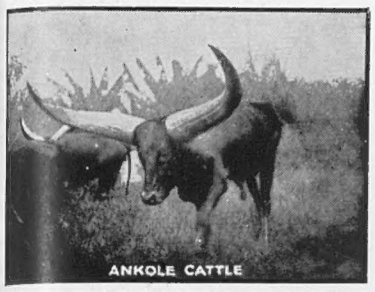

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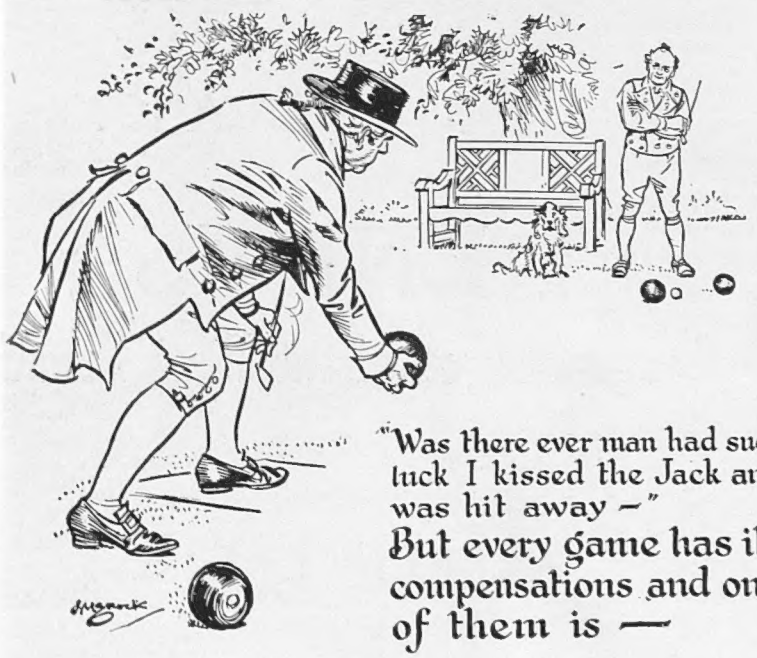

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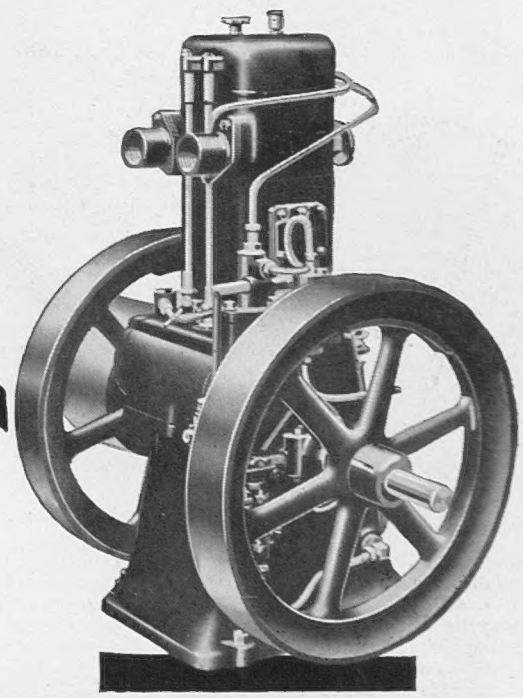

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The Baduis of Java

(Continued from p. 417)

"The Baduis may not make use of manufactured tools for the working of the soil, only primitive jungle implements are allowed. They may not keep big domestic animals such as horses or buffaloes.

"They are forbidden to use any form of conveyance but must travel everywhere on foot. This will not, however, deter a Badui from walking 200 miles to Batavia if necessity requires it, though, on principle, he dislikes long walks along the flat, as it makes him dizzy after being used to climbing and descending the steep footpaths of the home country."

Reading and writing, or to possess printed matter, is absolutely forbidden. The only relic of the art of writing which they possess is the *Sastra*, a bamboo lath of which there are several specimens. These *Sastras* show three rows of different hieroglyphics, twenty in each row, but none of which represents known characters.

Until a short time ago vaccination was one of their taboos, and the leniency of the Dutch Government in not interfering with this lost race has often endangered the whole district. Latterly, however, the tribesmen living in the outer villages have come to realize the necessity of vaccine protection, and doctors are permitted to come up to the frontiers in order to vaccinate those who are willing, and this may one day become a means to peaceful penetration of the country.

The Baduis' lack of salt is another obligatory cause for intercourse with the outer world, but even this is restricted as far as possible, and the import of salt into the forbidden territory is done secretly and at night and in the following manner. The Badui responsible for obtaining salt, or another unobtainable commodity such as tea, places on the appointed evening two clean mats underneath his hut. On one of the mats he leaves goods for exchange, rice, fruits, game, etc., the other mat being left bare to receive the salt. At the appointed hour the salt bearer, or tea dealer, brings his commodity, and if he considers that what the Badui has left is the right equivalent in value he makes the exchange; if he does not he leaves nothing and the Badui must, the following day, accordingly increase the offering on the mat—a strange practice which I had the good fortune to see working, and which I was told was carried out without friction and without human intercourse. As a matter of fact the Baduis, in spite of their reclusive habits and harsh laws, are a kindly little people and, while punishing sinners, do so without any Pharisaic feelings and without personal resentment; while, in the application of some of their codes, they show much humanity as, for instance, in their differentiating between adultery (punishable by perpetual banishment) and sexual offences between young affianced couples. In cases of the latter kind the young people are immediately married and temporarily exiled until such time as the *Djaro Dangka* reports that their exemplary conduct warrants their return to the home village.

This, in a few words, is the information which I have been able to collect during the course of conversations with Dutch scientists, or while tramping the South-west Java rubber forests with planters, and from talks with local natives about their secretive neighbours; and though the details are unavoidably sketchy, they give an insight into the lives of people whose customs and civilization may be one of the oldest in the world.

I have been asked why the Dutch Government does not send an expedition into the Baduis' country to levy taxes and make the inhabitants conform to their laws and customs like the other natives of Java. I think that the answer is that, in the first place, the Baduis do no harm; in fact, by keeping themselves to themselves they do not get contaminated by sedition in a part of Java which is rather inclined to that sort of thing. In the second place, it is not Dutch policy to coerce the native, their system of colonization being to educate and guide to the ultimate idea of making of their colonial empire part of Holland. And, thirdly, after my own experiences of struggling about in the jungle on the borders of the Badui country, I do not think that the commander of any expeditionary force would like to undertake such an adventure unless there were urgent reasons for so doing. That tropical jungle spreading over steep mountain slopes has to be seen to be believed. It is so dense, the lianas and trailing creepers are so entwined and re-entwined, taking root again in the ground immediately they are torn up, that it would be far simpler for any army to break its way through modern fortifications than to cut its way through these forests where natives, knowing every yard of the country, could harass a hostile force out of existence.

As a matter of fact it is unlikely that the Baduis would make any resistance; they belong to a harmless in-bred race who mainly wish to be left alone, though it is a pity that they cannot be made to understand that the scientists who visit them have no desire either to live in their jungles or to change their customs.

A few skull measurements, a few rubbings from the tombs and megaliths, one or two good photographs would clear up one of the greatest mysteries of the world and, no doubt, throw light on the problem of the origin of man. If nothing determined is done in this direction, it is probable that the race will gradually dwindle and die out, the few survivors being absorbed by advancing civilization, which will mean that the Baduis will disappear carrying the record of their real origin with them.

NOTES and NEWS

A GALA WEEK

Douglas Byng, who is at present holiday-making in the South of France, is going to America early in October to fulfil an engagement at what is probably the highest salary ever paid to a British cabaret artist. Mr. Byng is appearing at Monseigneur to say *au revoir* to his friends, and it is appropriate that the restaurant should be *en fête* for the occasion. The management has decided to hold a series of gala nights from September 15 to 26. In addition to Douglas Byng there will be Roy Fox and his band and Mantovani and his Tzigane orchestra.

WOOD-CONSCIOUS

The question of mending the thousand and one articles in the home which are constructed of more or less fragile timber is answered by the Croid home outfit, a simple and handy compendium with which small household repairs are easily effected. A description of this useful gadget appeared in last week's issue.

"CONCORD OF SWEET SOUND"

The Bruckner Festival arranged by the Stadtische Musikdirektion of Baden-Baden to be held there from October 2–5, will bring a selection of the monumental works of the great Austrian composer before the public. Under the direction of Herr Ernst-Mehlich, the orchestra will play for the first time the so-called "Symphony No. 0." In addition the "IV" and the "VII Symphonies," the "Mass in E Minor," a string quintette, and compositions for the organ will be heard.

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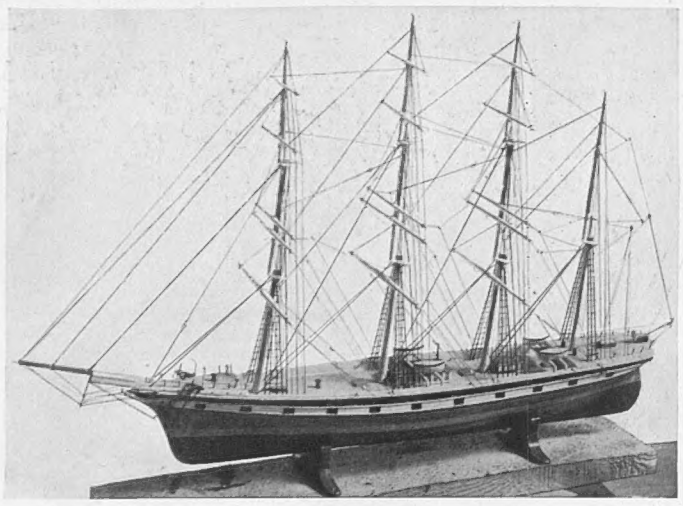
MODEL BY FRANK H. MASON



Length (figurehead to stern), 12½ inches.

The Sporting Gallery begs to announce that a few copies of Mr. Frank H. Mason's model of the famous four-masted barque "Loch Torridon" are still available. As in the case of Mr. Mason's previous models of "Thermopylæ" and "Cutty Sark," twenty-five reproductions only, numbered and signed, are being made under the artist-craftsman's personal supervision. The price is Twenty-five Guineas (packing and transport extra). *All reproductions of "Thermopylæ" and "Cutty Sark" have been sold and copies of either model are at a premium.* Orders for "Loch Torridon" are booked and executed strictly in rotation. "Loch Torridon" has been selected for the present occasion by Mr. Mason in deference to many requests for a model of one of the celebrated Clyde-built barques, which rank admittedly among the most shapely and beautiful vessels ever launched.

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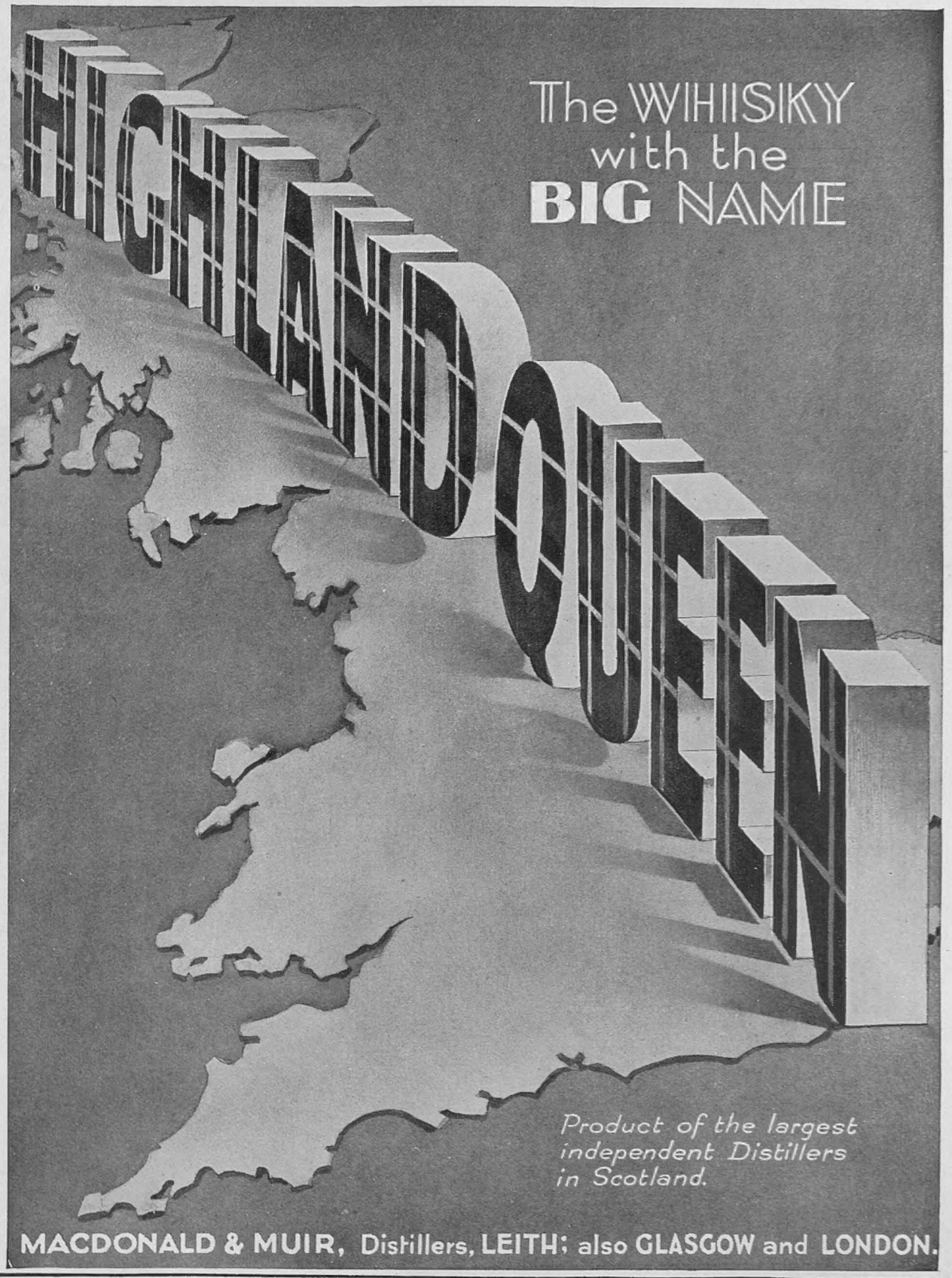

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